W No 3 '24

November

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# Police!

Magazine

## Gov. Smith and Col. Roosevelt on "Cops"

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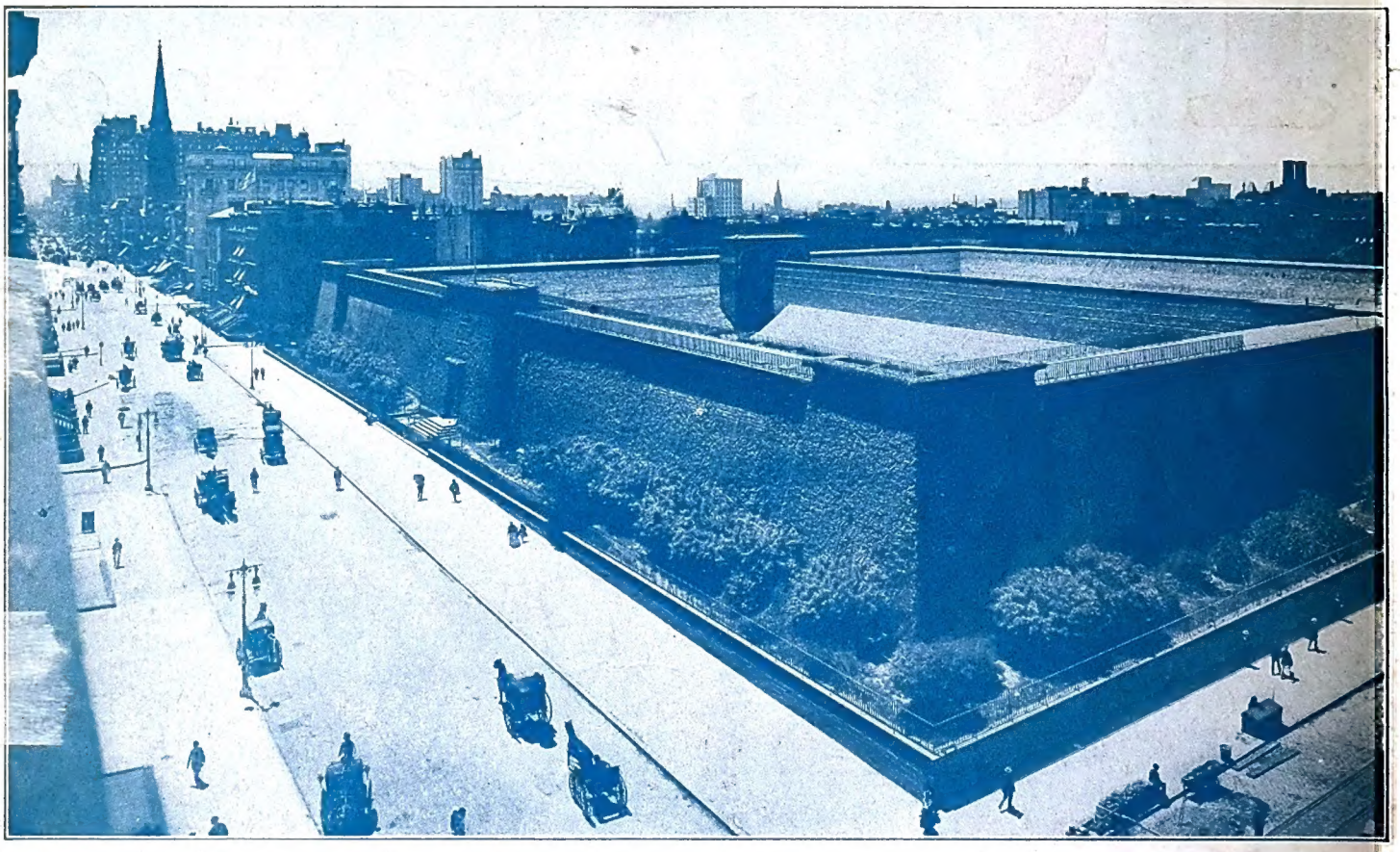
*Very different from "42d St. and Fifth" as we know it. This picture was taken before the Avenue was widened, and when hansom cabs were the only cruising taxis. It was the day of square derbies, Roosevelt and "Remember the Maine."*



# Long Before New York Had Its Library

## *well dressed men were wearing Fruhauf Clothes*

THE old Croton Reservoir! When it was completed in 1842, its paths atop the granite walls supplanted Battery Park as the promenade of fashion. Prim ladies in rustling petticoats, cashmere shawls and rose hung bonnets . . . . swagger gentlemen in greatcoats, with deep capes and pockets and huge white buttons, came to view the city from this lofty perch.

Times change. 1864 saw the fashionable promenade once more at street level, extending from Washington Park to the Reservoir. It was the Brownstone and Crinoline Age! No gentleman could enter politics; but he never appeared in society without a gardenia in his buttonhole.

By 1884 the tide of Brownstone had crept well above the Reservoir; by 1900 the grim walls were an eyesore. And about this time men decided ready-made clothes of the period ought to go the way of the Reservoir!

In 1900 the Fruhauf Shops first made ready-to-wear clothes according to the custom tailor's standard. Here was a new idea; both merchants and the public liked it. For the first time well-dressed men did not have to apologize for appearing in ready-made apparel.

By 1903 clothes by Fruhauf thickly dotted the fashion parade that streamed past the old Reservoir. And shortly after the clothing industry began to make clothes that were more than mere covering.

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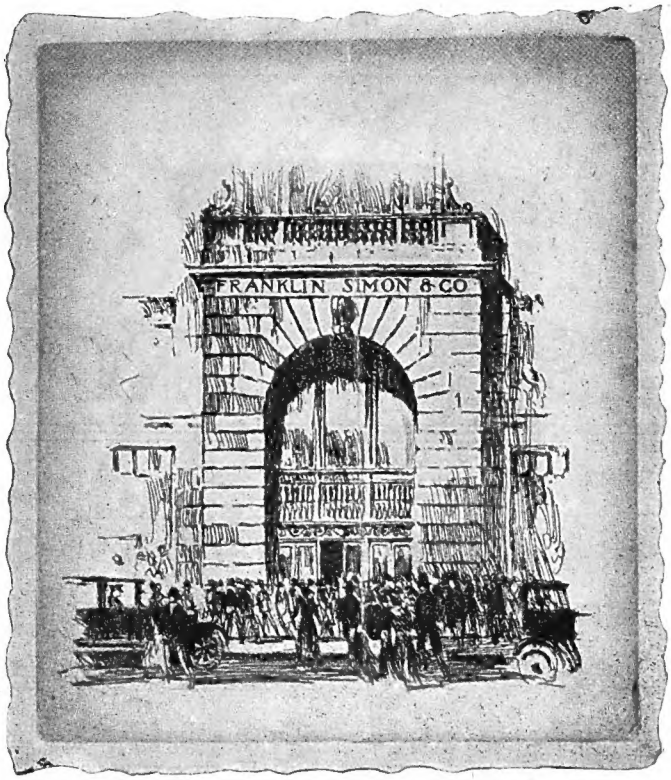


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**Franklin Simon & Co.**

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# Police Magazine

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

*November, 1924*

PERRITON MAXWELL
*Editor-Publisher*

WALTER G. SPRINGER
*Business Manager*

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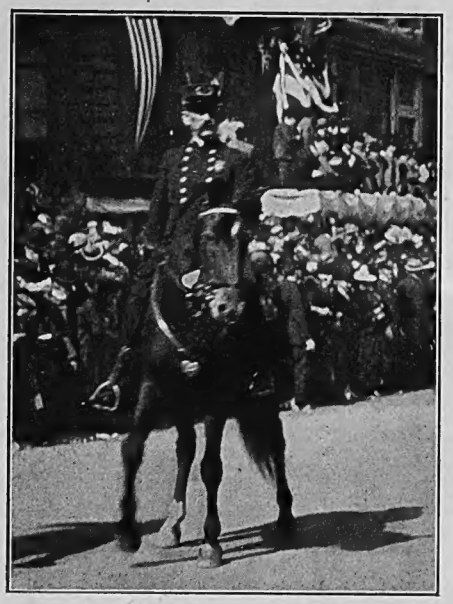
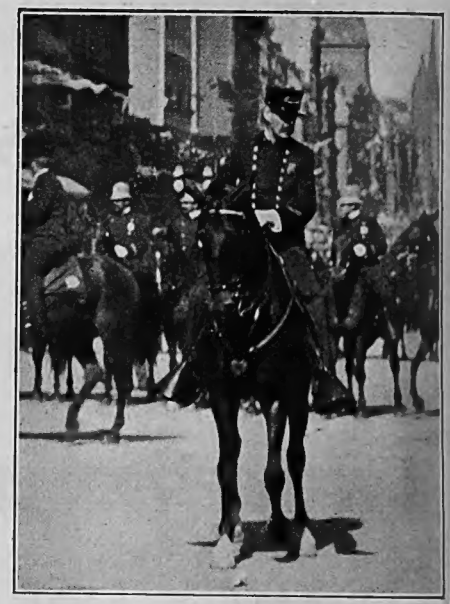




*How the Inspectors looked on horseback in the "good old days" of '96. (Top center) an old-time cop regulating traffic—when not otherwise engaged. Horse-cars were his chief worry.*

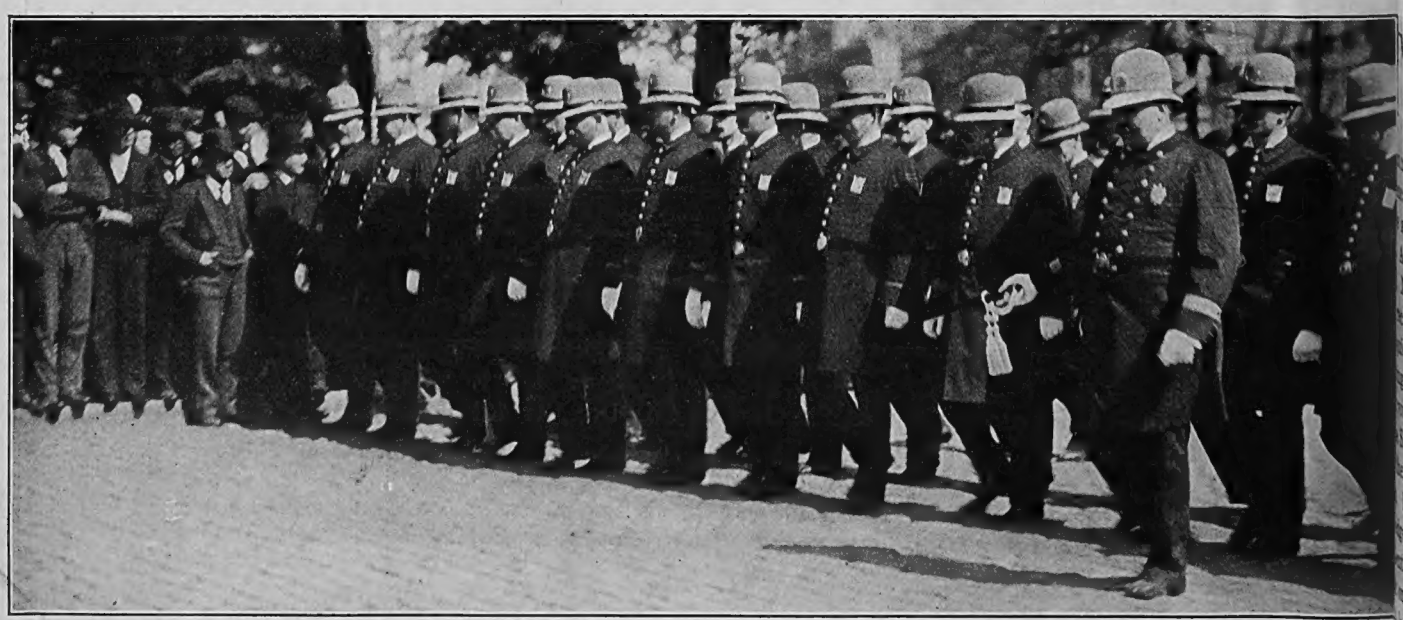
*Another Inspector leading a parade on Fifth Avenue, when uptown New York meant Fifty-ninth Street. (Circle) One of the mounted cops in the famous Dewey Celebration parade.*

# Ask Dad— He Knows

*FEW things show more strikingly the progress of the New York police department than do these snap-shots made back in the mid-nineties. The cumbersome coats and unwieldy high helmets of the men of that period, the almost leisurely pace of street traffic before the automobile had come to create one of the greatest problems of the civic management, are amusing in their very quiet quaintness.*

# Cops of Yesterday

*Think of being afraid of street-crossings because of horse-drawn vehicles! That was one of the terrors of the New York pedestrian when Dewey came marching home from the Philippines and no business corner was complete without its "gin mill." The youthful, alert and physically superb New York policeman of today is as much of a contrast to his earlier prototype as is the Woolworth Building to Poe's tiny cottage in the Bronx.*



*Here is a platoon of New York policemen on parade and wearing their summer helmets. This photograph was made in 1895 when to be a first-class cop it was deemed necessary to support a "bay-window" and wear a black moustache.*



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# POLICE MAGAZINE

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POLICE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 461 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME TWO
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NEW YORK, *November*, 1924

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# *Who Stole the* GOVERNMENT'S SECRETS?

*The Amazing Story of a Foreign Spy Who Planned a Subtle and Successful Scheme for Securing the Details of an Important Treaty and How He Was Neatly Trapped*

*By*
Campbell MacCulloch

*Illustrated by* T. J. MACHAMER

*"I was startled to see it was the man with a limp."*

THE fastest limited train running between New York and Washington dropped us at the Union Station in the nation's capital within six hours of our departure from the former city, and in fifteen minutes more a taxicab had brought us to the residence of the Secretary of State. That personage sat before a great mahogany table, heaped high with papers. A deep line furrowed his ordinarily placid forehead. My friend Janvrin looked at him gravely.

"I received your wire a little late this morning," he said quietly, "but I came straight on. I took the liberty of bringing my friend, Mr. Frederic Burnham, with me. I can vouch for his complete discretion."

The Secretary bowed to me with a tired, patient smile, and then quietly closed the door leading to the anteroom. He returned and seated himself between us on the edge of the table.

"Gentlemen," he said in a low tone, "there is a spy at work on the affairs of the State Department."

"A leak?" inquired Janvrin.

"A leak that might go so far as to cause the ship of state to founder if it is not discovered," was the reply.

"What is the nature of it?" asked my friend.

The Secretary sighed, and there was deep pain in his tired eyes.

"The exact facts are these," he said. "There is a treaty in preparation which I have guarded as carefully as anything of that kind can be guarded, and yet every item in that document is in the hands of the *Lokal Abendpost* within a few hours of its inception.

Janvrin started, and I felt a rising pulse in my own breast.

"That is the official gazette of the Latonian government," said my friend. "Published at Selnord, the Latonian capital."

"Precisely," replied the Secretary. "The President and myself, with the ambassadors of three powers interested, have been in consultation fairly constantly, and as each point raised has been tentatively decided upon, I have embodied it carefully in the draft I am preparing. Unfortunately, it now appears that each step taken has been revealed to the paper—"



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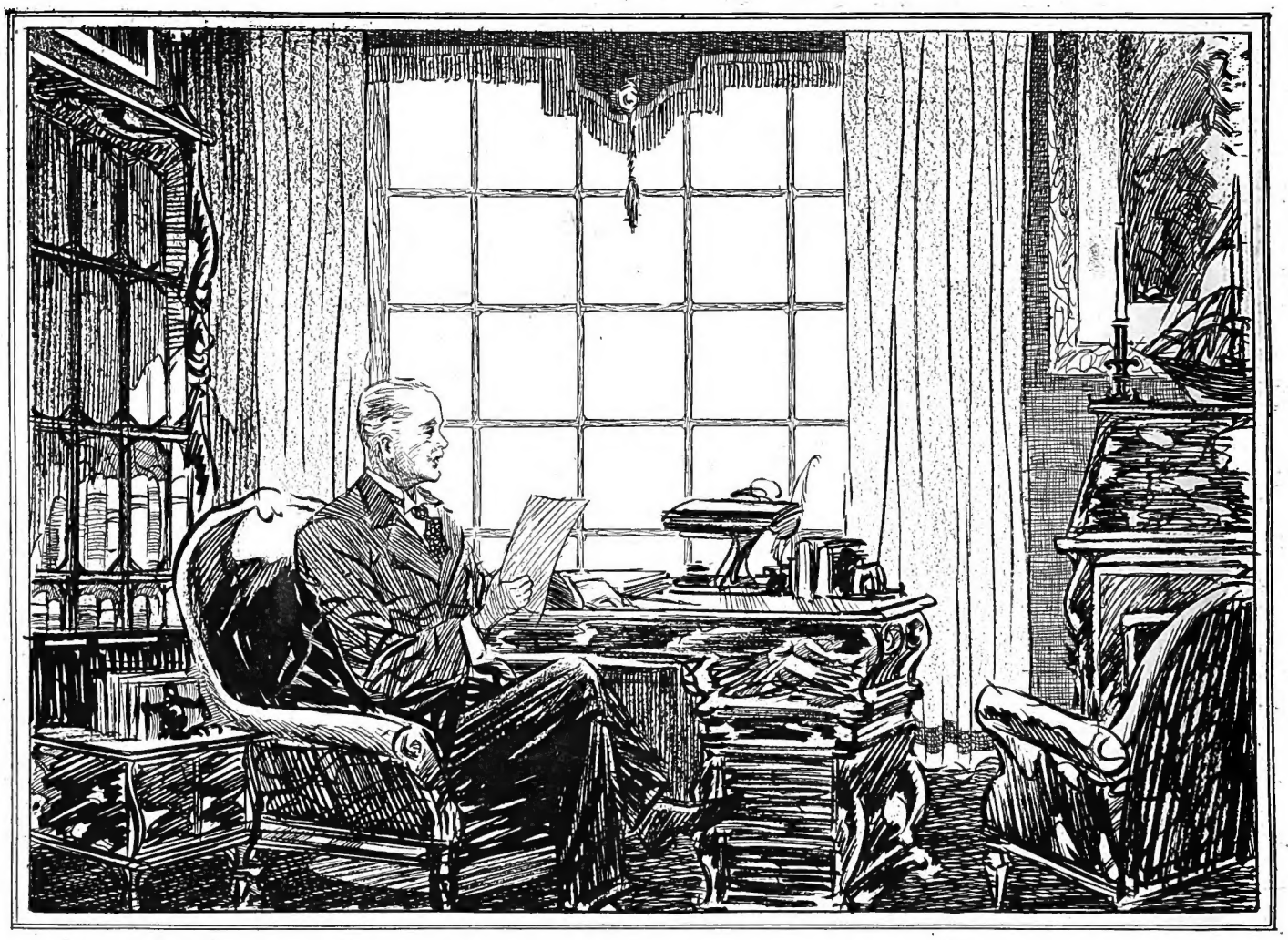

*"Immediately Graham appeared from the back of the long table and took the big leather chair facing the window."*

"And by it to King Bertrand within a few minutes of its receipt, naturally," interposed my friend. "Do you suspect any one individual?"

"No one," was the depressed reply. "The work has been done here in my home. Every member of my household is above suspicion. I am a bachelor, as you know. My sister keeps house for me. My servants are old retainers. My secretary is my nephew."

"Ah, Mr. Peter Desmond, I think," Janvrin commented with a faint lift of his eyebrows.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Did I not see the announcement of his engagement recently?" Janvrin went on.

"He is engaged to marry a lady at present a member of my household." The Secretary paused. "In fact, the lady is my stenographer."

Janvrin did not raise his eyes.

"Her name is——?" he queried.

"Helena Friederichs," was the answer, and on the instant there came a discreet tapping at the door. "This is her now," said the Secretary rising, and Janvrin raised his hand.

"Do not present us—yet," he urged, and motioned me to accompany him to the window that faced the side street. Out of the tail of his eye I watched a tall, dark-haired girl enter the room, for I was desirous of seeing what type of stenographer it was who had succeeded in charming the somewhat exclusive nephew of the Secretary of State. I could see she was possessed of high color, and at first glance I would have called her Spanish. Her eyes were midnight dark, her figure beautifully developed. When she spoke there was just the very faintest trace of an accent.

"The messanger has just brought these, Mr. Graham," she said, laying some official documents upon the table, and the music of her tones quite charmed me. I could see her glance curiously at Janvrin and myself from beneath the shade of the heavy lashes, and it seemed there was more than well-bred interest in the look. Somehow the thought was unpleasant, and just then Janvrin touched my elbow.

"Look!" he whispered sharply indicating the street opposite. I followed his direction to observe a tall, stoop-shouldered individual, wearing a black moustache and imperial, and with a decided limp in his left leg, pass along the pavement and enter a dingy house immediately opposite. I looked at my companion inquiringly.

"Was there anything familiar about that fellow to you?" he asked with a puzzled frown. I searched my memory, but struck no responsive chord.

"No," I replied under my breath.

"Humph!" ejaculated my friend, disappointedly. "Perhaps it will come to me later."

He sat down upon the typewriter desk that was so placed that the operator would have her back to the window, and continued to stare into the street. I placed myself in a chair that faced the window. Then I heard the door close and the voice of the Secretary as he approached.



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*"As I gazed downward Helena Friederichs entered the room, opened her typewriter cabinet and sat down."*

"Now, gentlemen," he said, and Janvrin turned swiftly to him.

"How long has Miss Frederichs been with you?" he asked.

"Eight or nine months," replied Secretary Graham in a somewhat startled tone. "You do not suspect her, I trust?"

"And Mr. Desmond is equally above suspicion, I presume," went on my friend obliquely. The Secretary frowned. Janvrin tapped on the desk with a pencil. "You see no chance for anyone else to glean information of your movements?" he went on. "The ambassadors, for instance? Might not some of their subordinates have dropped a hint——?"

Secretary Graham leaned forward quickly, and his fine old face paled slightly.

"There is just the point," he said. "While the three ambassadors interested know in a general way what is in mind, the details are wholly unknown to anyone but myself, the President, and——" He hesitated and Janvrin observed quietly:

"The two individuals we have just mentioned. Exactly. Now, Mr. Secretary, it is perfectly plain from what you have told me that the secret lies among four people; the President, yourself, your secretary and your stenographer."

"We may eliminate the President," sighed Secretary Graham.

"Which narrows the inquiry by just twenty-five percent," commented Janvrin crisply. "Where do you keep the draft of this foreign treaty and your notes, sir?"

The Secretary drew a thin, flat key from his waistcoat pocket.

"This opens a small strong box concealed in a piece of furniture in my bedroom," he explained. "The notes and draft I keep there."

"How many persons know of its existence?"

"Mr. Desmond only."

Janvrin's eyes narrowed slightly and he frowned. Suddenly he glanced up.

"Exactly how do you know that this information has reached the Latonian government?" he asked.

"Our agent at Selnord is a person of importance," was the Secretary's reply. "He is employed on the newspaper in question. He has cabled me in cipher code details indicating clearly that the main terms are well-known. Yesterday he wired the full text of two proposed clauses that were incorporated in the draft the day before."

"I noticed two Secret Service men outside," commented Janvrin. "How long have they been at work?"

"Four days," was the reply.

"Have they made a definite report?"

"They have watched Mr. Desmond and Miss Frederichs, and have proved that the information could not have been sent by them."

"Why?" asked Janvrin directly.

"Because neither of them has left the house since I began work on the treaty," was the response.

(*Continued on page* 45)



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# "Anything Doing?"

*The Experiences of a Reporter with the Police of Many American Cities During Fifteen Years Contact*

## *By* Guy Fowler

HISTORY may not record it, but it's ten to one that before the publication of newspapers, the old town crier got his news from the village constable. By the same token, modern newspapers gather considerably more than half of their facts from the police departments.

Between the police and the newspaper there may exist a strained situation and a strange one. For every paragraph of praise accorded the guardian of law and order, there are columns of criticism. But the police reporter in nearly every city in the United States continues to greet the Chief warmly and to receive in return a cordial welcome.

And in reply to his ancient query: "Anything doing, Chief?" the reporter usually discovers that there is.

It is also the fact that in nearly six cases out of an ordinary half dozen, the reporter who writes a "roast" grins wryly when he meets his friends at headquarters and is likely to say: "H—l, it's the Administration we're after. The police are all right."

While the Chief, smarting beneath the sting of hot words in hot lead, is most apt to smile back and say: "Go to it, my boy. We're used to it. No hard feelings on my side."

But there are hard feelings, some times, and on both sides. Newspaper men, always familiar with "inside facts," are in a position to open one-sided warfare at any minute. The public always is ready to listen and to believe the worst. There always is an unsolved murder mystery, a robbery unaccounted for, or a police failure of some sort, if not actually an individual scandal, to serve as tinder for the campaign fire. In spite of this, the police reporter and the police officer pull together.

It is a remarkable fact that the spirit of co-operation and "square shooting" between these two never dies. It may falter at intervals, but it revives. In fifteen years as a reporter, most of which time I was detailed to "cover" police headquarters in cities from coast to coast, I cannot recall a detective or a policeman of the first rate type, who held a grudge, though I have been required by my editors to "pan" some of them unmercifully.

"They're afraid of the newspapers," some will exclaim. Once in a great while you find a police official who fears criticism. None of them thrives on it. But the ugly inference that reporters "have something" on the police usually is groundless. Reporters have to dig for all the scandal they find in the average police department. They could find as much, by the same method, if they fervently investigated the Saintly Society for Social Reform, or any other organization of proportionate numbers.

I have worked night after night, week upon week, with detectives assigned to a mystery case, without printing one word of the facts they unearthed. Every reporter knows the code of keeping faith, and few break it. Policemen commonly tell their innermost secrets to reporters and know that their confidence is not misplaced. The newspaper man who violates a confidence loses not only the respect of the police, but becomes an outcast in his own craft. The rules of the newspaper game are comparatively few, but they are iron-bound.

The stained blotters in precinct station houses contain more of the world's tragedy and humor than all the books in the public libraries. The friendships that spring up between the big, quiet men who laboriously pen these entries, and the keen, active chaps who scan them for news, are not easily formed, nor easily broken. They both know where the thorns lie just beneath the rose.

Various police departments have various methods of co-operation with the reporters. In the larger cities the telegraph flashes the affairs of every precinct direct to Headquarters. While reportorial "leg men" are out in the districts, watching every play of life, others remain at Headquarters equally alert. Little escapes them. Nor is any great proportion of it printed.

Many a great story never appeared in type. Every policeman knows, and certainly every reporter, that the best policy in every case is the "square deal" plan of the late Theodore Roosevelt. Some police officials call in the reporters, when there is a story which is not "ripe" for publication. Their way is the safest, for not once in a thousand instances is a confidence ever broken. The reporter who does forget his code of ethics pays dearly, for life is never quite the same again. His City Editor may credit him with a "scoop," but his fellow reporters charge him with a "steal."

Some chiefs—fortunately very few—try to "hold out." It can't be done. Sooner or later one of those ferrets of the newspapers will rout out the "tip," and when he does, all things that were secret become headlines and boldface "copy." In the cities of medium size there is a closer relation between reporters and police. With increased familiarity, there follows, of course, greater co-operation and finer co-ordination of effort. In the very small town the editor is just as likely to arrest the village bootlegger as is the constable. More so, perhaps, for the story might be worth while, even though the arrest itself was not exactly a *coup*.

In many cities and under queer conditions I have served a score of newspapers as police reporter, as frequently when my paper was lined up against the Department, as when it was "with" the Administration, fore, aft and by the rails. Yet, I have come upon very



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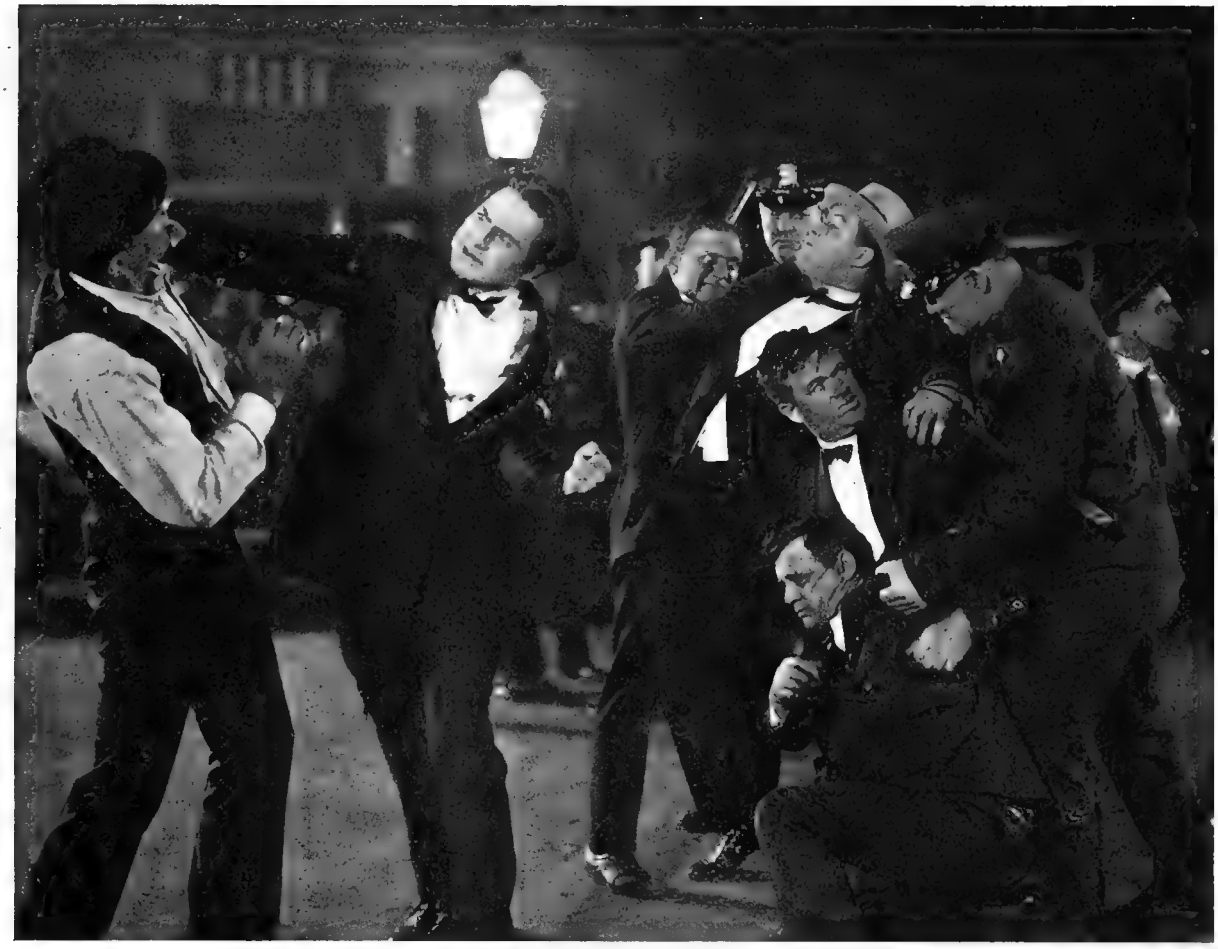

*"The press photographers sometimes catch a 'flash' as replete with action as the men with the tripod on the motion picture lot ever get."*

few police officers who took that phase much into consideration. They were more inclined to judge the reporter. Let him be "regular" and they take him fully into their confidence. Let him be doubtful and he meets a chill as bleak as the bogs of Ireland on a sea-blown morn in winter.

Lynn G. Adams, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary, when he was merely a Captain, gave me an explanation one night which I have applied to policemen ever since. I had asked him why his men usually rode in pairs.

"Well, son, I'll tell you," he drawled. "When you're going up a dark flight of stairs and you meet a load of buckshot coming down, it's nice to have a good man behind you."

Experience has taught me the truth of the Captain's remark. It is a common occurrence for a newspaperman to accompany the police up dark stairways and elsewhere. I have had my share of that sort of thing, but nearly always revising Adams' theory, or reversing it, if you please, for I felt in such experiences that I "had a good man ahead of me."

Newspaper photographers, like reporters, frequently go where the police go. An illustration accompanies this article which shows how the camera men sometimes catch a "flash" as replete with action as the men with the tripod on the picture lot ever get. I have seen a newspaper photographer "shoot" the scene as a fugitive actually killed a policeman in the performance of his duty. And the photographer carefully put down his camera before he joined his fellows from the press in their joint effort to capture the gunman. It sounds like movie stuff, but it happens.

The hard-boiled reporter is always glad to accompany the police on any kind of a venture that promises a thrill and a good "story." The average newspaperman is possessed of more than the average man's courage, and there are very few instances on record where a reporter has reneged on a dangerous assignment, especially if the assignment had anything to do with a police raid, a riot, or any kind of a row in which cops were called upon to forcibly preserve the peace.

I have never met a policeman who was inhuman or "scrappy." The idea that a cop is always eager to use his club is too ridiculous for words.

After fifteen years of steady association with policemen I know that when I meet a reporter who speaks illy of the guardians of the law, I would not introduce him at the Press Club. Nor would I expect to get back any money I might lend him. Neither would I "work in" with him on a big story and split "fifty-fifty" on our facts.

But come to think about it, I never met that kind of a reporter.



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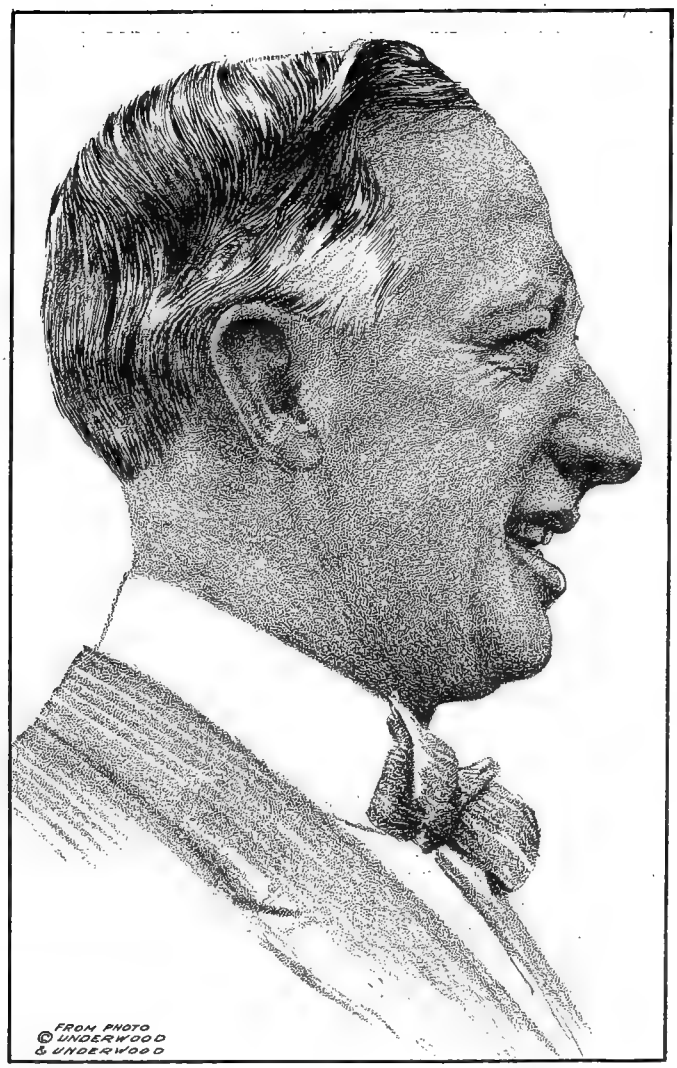
*Governor Alfred E. Smith very gladly responded to the Editor's invitation to say a good word for the policemen of his native city, and what he here writes is characteristic of his straightforward, earnest manner.*




*This portrait of Governor Smith, and that of Colonel Roosevelt, on the opposite page, are from photographs by Underwood and Underwood drawn by Marcus of the New York Times, by whose courtesy they are reproduced.*

# New York's First Line of Defense

## *By Governor* Alfred E. Smith

THE Police Department of New York City constitutes the very first line of defense for the greatest city in the world.

In the years that have passed, I have heard many tributes paid to the high efficiency of our wonderful Police Department. But nothing that was ever said in its praise equalled the expressions of commendation voiced on public platforms and at public dinners, and which came from citizens of every class, extolling the very efficient policing of the Metropolis during the troublesome period of the Great War.

Through the Port of New York passed the enormous bulk of supplies and ammunition which were required for the welfare and maintenance of our boys at the front in France. A proper policing of that city was essential to the proper conduct of the War.

Probably in no other place in the world are there presented the same police problems that New York has to solve. With our countless thousands of miles of streets, our wide-flung waterfront, our varied and complex population—all these things present perplexing difficulties with which the Police Department must successfully cope.

I have often felt as I witnessed the police parades, year after year, the profound sense of security which must come to every citizen of right mind when he views the splendid body of men selected to protect his life and his property. In the heat of political campaigns, and for purely partisan purposes in the years gone by, New York's Police Department has been grossly misrepresented and abused. But after the smoke and dust of the conflict have died down, there has been no difficulty in securing a unanimous expression of opinion that New York has the finest, most efficient police system to be found anywhere in the centers of civilization.

ALFRED E. SMITH

*Executive Chamber,*
*Albany, New York.*



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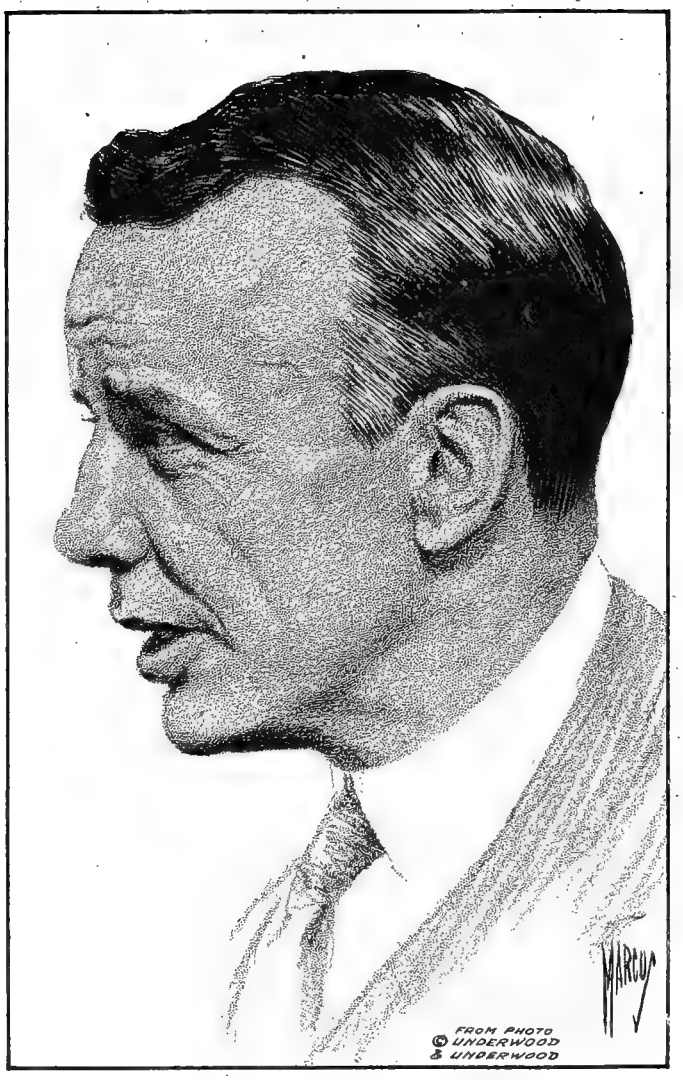


*Col. Theodore Roosevelt, opponent of Governor Smith in the political contest waged in New York State, is a warm friend of the cop in the great city where his famous father did so much to create "the finest."*

*No matter what the reader's political bias may be, it must be acknowledged that young Colonel Roosevelt has inherited a great deal of his distinguished parent's physical vigor and strenuosity as a campaigner.*

# "Good Luck to the Cops!"

## *By Colonel* Theodore Roosevelt

FOR thirty years it has been my good fortune not only to know of the New York police force but to have many personal friends among its members.

Long and intimate contact has increased my respect for the ability, honesty and courage of the members of the force.

Many of my old-time friends are retired, but their places have been taken over by other friends of mine, some of them men who served under me in the war.

It is difficult for me to single out any individual deed of heroism, because I know of so many.

When I was only a little fellow eight or nine years old, my father was Police Commissioner. In the evenings when he came home he used to tell the children of acts of heroism and devotion that had occurred at that time.

It is on account of this long association that when opportunity came during the last few years I have been very happy to aid in getting the proper recognition for them in compensation and other matters.

Good luck to the "cops"!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

*Oyster Bay, Long Island,*
*New York.*



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# Can An Ex-Convict "Come Back?"

*What a Great Prison Specialist Says About the Prevailing Fallacy that the Police "Hound" the Men Who Have Served a Sentence*

## *By* Joseph F. Fishman

*United States Inspector of Prisons for Fourteen Years*

An audible sniffle was heard coming from several quarters of the darkened theatre. One dear old lady was crying openly, while some of the men had that sad expression and rigid look which indicate an iron determination to keep back the tears. For this was a "crook play," and as usual (in plays) the poor ex-convict, after a bitter up-hill struggle to go straight, was once more denounced by Detective Donohue. And now the audience understood why that life insurance agent had gazed at the hero so searchingly, as if to read his very soul. For, as you have guessed, it was no life insurance agent at all, but the same hard-hearted sleuth who was determined that Jim (our hero's name) should not lead an honest life. It did seem that Detective Donohue had very little else to do, what with the crime waves being manufactured almost daily by the newspapers, and our best citizens clamoring for a more efficient administration. At least, that's what the opposition paper said.

And so the sympathies of the audience were all with Jim, and they all shuffled forth into the street more convinced than ever that nine-tenths of the time of every policeman and detective was consumed in endeavoring to send back to prison those who had previously been there.

One old-time detective once asked me sadly, "Where do they get that stuff?" And just as sadly I was compelled to admit that I'd be darned if I knew. Repeatedly, I informed him, I had tried to explain to inquiring friends and acquaintances that the police did not "hound" ex-convicts. If an acquaintance, my statement was accepted with the raised eyebrow which plainly registered "You're lying and you know it." If it happened to be a friend, he immediately told me that my prison work had made me callous and that it was about time I was getting out of it and going into something respectable.

As a matter of actual fact, there is not one police or prison official out of a hundred who is not genuinely glad to see any crook go straight. I know personally of many instances where they have gone down into their own pockets to help one that they considered particularly unfortunate. If the general public would only stop to think for a moment they would realize that, even if the police did nothing else, it would be an utter impossibility for them to give to all ex-convicts that close supervision which is implied in the word "hounding." In a city which has ten thousand policemen and detectives, it is doubtful if there are as many as a thousand actually engaged in tracking criminals, and it is probably a great deal less than this number. In a city of that size there will probably be more than one hundred thousand men who have served terms in some penal institution. This means that every such officer would have just one hundred men to "hound." By the time he got around to all of them the "hound" would be reduced to a very small poodle indeed.

FROM what does this generally prevailing idea of police hounding spring? I believe it is due to the innate love of posing as martyrs which many of those who have been in prison possess. They have a selfish interest in having the public believe they are the aggrieved ones, more sinned against than sinning. In addition, by repeated reiteration they even convince themselves, and thus in a measure restore their own self-respect.

Another reason why this belief in hounding is so generally held is that the public continually reads of men who have been held on suspicion. Naturally, they do not know the details of just *why* such persons have been held, as that is not news and the papers do not print it, unless of course it happens to be a case of extraordinary importance. They accordingly jump to the conclusion that the police simply arrested a few people haphazard,



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hoping against hope ultimately to get the guilty one.

If the facts were known it would usually be found that in the vicinity of the crime there was a rendezvous of ex-convicts, all of whom seemed to have plenty of money and none of whom ever worked to get it. And possibly also other facts which indicated very strongly that they might themselves be guilty or have some knowledge of those who were. In such cases the police would be derelict in their duty if they did not make arrests on suspicion and to obtain information. Hundreds of crimes are solved in just this manner, and if the police should suddenly stop making such arrests the public would soon sense the difference in the increased daring and defiance of criminals and would demand a change back to the old system.

It is true that policemen and detectives make errors of judgment. Who doesn't? But the fact that such a mistake is made now and then, regrettable as it may be, does not by any means prove that the system at present in vogue is wrong nor that all police officials are hard-hearted scoundrels who are only interested in seeing that men are sent back to prison as soon as they get out.

To sum it all up: if a former prisoner is making an honest effort to live in accordance with law, if he obtains employment, supports himself and family, keeps away from bad associates and indicates generally that he is through with the old life, there is not one police official in a thousand who will molest him. Any fair-minded person who has had experience with criminals and with police officials will, I am firmly convinced, entirely agree with this statement.

The superstition about hounding is not by any means the only one held by the public concerning ex-prisoners. There are many others. One of the most firmly held is that it is difficult for such prison and jail graduates to obtain employment. Nothing could be further from the truth, and its falsity can be quite easily proven. Practically every State in the country has a parole law, under the terms of which many prisoners are released under proper supervision prior to the legal expiration of their terms. But one of the conditions of every such release is that the prisoner must have a job to go to. In thousands of such paroles I cannot recall a single instance, with one or two exceptions, where the man was compelled to remain in prison merely because he could not obtain a job. The records of various prisoners' aid societies will prove this statement, as such organizations are almost invariably able to obtain employment for prisoners who apply to it, and in many cases indeed five or six jobs for the same man until they find one to which he is suited. And this too in the face of the fact that the majority of the men who apply to such organizations are the misfits who are unable to help themselves and who have the least appeal to an employer. The really capable man who has determined to lead an honest life finds a job for himself without assistance, as he wants to cut entirely loose from all institutions and organizations which relate in any way to his past life.

As a matter of fact it is often easier for an ex-prisoner to obtain a job than it is for one who has never been inside a penal institution. Just why this should be so it is difficult to say. It sometimes occurs to me that it is due to a desire which we all have to pat ourselves on the back. Most of us like to think of ourselves as liberals who judge a man by what he is now, and not by what he may have been in the past. The employer likes to feel that he is not narrow-minded, but on the contrary liberal and tolerant and willing to give every man a chance, whether he has gone wrong once before or not. It gives him a glow of self-approbation which he does not get when he takes on the usual unemployed man. So employing an ex-prisoner caters to his vanity and increases his respect for himself, and none of us entirely dislikes that pleasant feeling.

AN idea just as strongly entrenched in the public mind is that there are many innocent men in prison. During the seventeen years of my prison work I have I suppose talked to forty or fifty thousand prisoners, and listened to the stories of a large number. I do not believe there were ten of that number who were actually innocent, and in the case of those ten it was merely a matter of doubt and not by any means proven. I do not, of course, contend that all men in prison are criminals, as such a contention would be ridiculous. Many men in prison are merely political offenders, the victims of a hysteria due to war. Many more are confined for violating absurd laws and are by no means criminals in the sense that they are enemies of society. Still others, who are law-abiding in every other respect, go to jail for a principle which they consider right and not because the act they committed advanced their own particular interests. But what I do contend is that, with extraordinarily rare exceptions, they are all actually guilty of the act with which they have been charged, whether they are criminals in the ordinary acceptation of that term or not. Under the law, every presumption is in favor of the accused. This is a rule which the courts are scrupulously careful to observe, and the rare instances of innocent men in prison prove conclusively that they do observe it.

Whoever said "There is honor among thieves" could just as well have said, "There is honor among plumbers" or "There is honor among lamp lighters." Thieves have the same amount of honor toward each other as any other class of humans, neither more nor less. In the hour of danger the weaker often betrays the stronger, and this is true of people generally and not of any particular class. If an unusual degree of honor actually existed among thieves there would be an enormous decrease in the number of arrests and a corresponding increase in the amount of crime. For what the public does not realize is that it is often impossible for detectives to work directly in the underworld. They are often known to criminals and their mere presence would put offenders on their guard. So the detective is compelled in many cases to work indirectly through "snitches" who are themselves of the underworld, and whose presence does not excite suspicion. If this were not so the criminal would have a comparatively easy time of it. But he does not know who to trust and who to suspect, and this fact is of immense importance both in curbing his depredations and in causing his arrest when he does actually commit a crime.

There are many other popular fallacies concerning criminals and the police which the general public clings to just as tenaciously as those which have been mentioned; there is not, of course, sufficient space to go into them here. But the police should not sit supinely by and permit these superstitions, practically all of which are unfavorable to them, to endure in the minds of the public. They should try, through the newspapers and by other means, to meet the criticisms so frequently made of them, and to explain why they take an action which is criticised. The public hears but one side of the story and cannot be expected to know there is another unless the interested party, in this case the police, makes it known to them.

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¶ *The Secretary of Labor, who has written this sincere tribute to the policemen of America, has urged legislative measures in their behalf, better pay for them being one of the things for which he has fought*

# "A Wonderful Fellow—the Cop!"

*The Strongest Influence We Have Toward the Preservation of Law and Order Is the Example Set by the Policeman Himself*


## *By* James J. Davis

*Secretary of Labor*


IT gives me pleasure to respond to a request from the Editor of POLICE MAGAZINE for a short tribute to my friend, the Policeman. Several times before this I have had the opportunity to voice my respect and regard for policemen. I am always glad to do so, and there seems to be always something new and finer to say.

Magazines like this one have done much to remind a careless public of its debt to its faithful and fearless protectors, so that of late the policeman has come more into his own. When I first addressed a gathering of policemen three years ago, it was as if I had just opened the tomb of some long-buried Egyptian king when I called attention to the everlasting vigil maintained over us all by the policemen, and the quiet, efficient way in which he keeps that vigil, always in the face of danger, often at the risk of his life, in every kind of weather, but with only one kind of pay—a pay pretty low for the job. There was then no such magazine as this, and nobody seemed to have noticed the policeman's merits. What I said was taken up and quoted as something of a novelty. People joked me and asked what I had in mind to pull off, since I was taking such pains to get on the level with the police beforehand!

Now the policeman enjoys something more like the real measure of respect that is due him. He has something more nearly like his proper place in the sun.

At the same time the life we live is daily taking on new complications, and with this change the labors, the duties and the risks of the policeman are becoming even greater and more complicated. In older days his job, at least as it appears from the angle of the present, was comparatively simple. He had enough to do even then, it is true. He had to preserve order and respect for the law, by day and by night. He had his full measure of crime to ferret out and the criminals to track down at great risk. This has always taken cleverness and courage. But in the older days this important factor was to be considered: The whole public, the crank and the crook included, *went about on foot.* And note this fact: it is important. All humanity lived at a slower pace. The criminal had fewer and slower means of escape. His capture was not then so complicated. It is true that the policeman had not then the radio, the aeroplane, and others means that modern invention has brought to his aid in the detection of crime and the pursuit of wrong-doers. But observe what new difficulties the same age of invention has brought to the policeman's job. Think what a change the automobile alone, for example, has effected in life, as you look at life from the policeman's angle.

For the moment let us leave the criminal to himself. In older days the peaceable citizen created no problem for the policeman whatever. Now he does, and the problem he offers is one of the policeman's sorest trials. So vast is the yearly addition to the number of motor cars in use that one of the heaviest of the policeman's duties, perhaps his heaviest burden of all, is the regulation of a volume, density and speed of traffic that twenty years ago was unthought of. I never pass a traffic officer on his job without mentally taking off my hat to him—he is too busy to notice whether I take it off actually! Watch that man, and note what he does.

Every minute of every day, and for much of the night, that man's faculties are strung to the highest pitch of alertness. His attention must be of the keenest, his judgments snappy, swift, and unerring. And his patience must be inexhaustible! Speed has got into the blood of all of us. We all want to get there on the minute. We all have something important to do, or we think we have, and we are all in a hurry to do it. There are a whole lot of us, and we are all going in every possible direction at once. And always at the center of this vortex of human impatience stands the traffic cop. On his quick decisions and firm will the whole vast machine of modern transportation revolves. He literally sends all humanity about its business.

TO appreciate the debt we owe to this cool, efficient, good-natured man, you have only to imagine how you would fare if the great streams of traffic, in crowded cities and even on country highways, were left wholly unregulated. Would you ever get anywhere on time? Your car would be banged or ruined. Your nerves would be frazzled. Your very life would be endangered or lost, at the hands of the reckless or unskilled. Then stand on any corner and watch the beautiful precision of any good traffic officer on his job.



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# Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis

*He is one of the most industrious members of the Cabinet at Washington, and he dislikes all conventionality, as is indicated by the fact that in warm weather he removes his coat while at work. All through the years of struggle for success since he came to America as an immigrant lad, he has been the friend of the policeman. Today, in a position of authority, he is making many efforts to improve the condition of our peace guardians.*



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Not for a minute is it safe for him, or for you, if he relaxes the tension of his faculties by one iota. Every minute brings him some new problem to solve, some new tangle to unravel, some new specimen of humanity to handle. He has the speeder to curb, and too often that person is as speedy with his tongue as he is with the gas. And yet how seldom does a traffic officer, sorely tried as he is, "givva de tick"! Almost as great a tax on his patience is the clumsy driver, or the beginner who has to be looked out for. The tricky driver is there to be watched, the driver who is always ready to sneak over, ready to "mistake" signals, and even more ready with his alibi. He sneaks out of line, or across the crossing; any mean advantage will do in order to get him there a little quicker than the others. Every variety of human intelligence passes the traffic cop. And there is one thing that the automobile does and does infallibly: It reveals human character for what it is. If any man gets to know humanity as it is, it is the traffic officer. The whole day-long stream of it he must keep moving smoothly and without a hitch. And just to round out the task on his hands, he has the nervous pedestrian to protect between times!

This he must do day or night, in every kind of weather, in blizzard wind and blistering sun, in rain or snow. No cool shelter in summer, no heated office in winter for the traffic officer. Yet with all the strain on his mind and body, note how he generally enjoys his task.

You see it in the grace of his signals, in the flourish of his arm. I have seen traffic cops handle crowded crossings like a conductor of grand opera. They were so much on the job that they had come to be real artists at it, and took an honest pride in displaying their skill.

A job like this is alone work enough for a city police force, but it is only the work imposed by the peaceful element of the public. Even so, as I say, this burden is wholly new. Twenty years ago a city force had no such labor to perform. Twenty years from now, what will the traffic cop do when they send him aloft to regulate the traffic in the air! Meanwhile, consider the new strain on the policeman resulting from the criminal's use of the automobile on solid ground.

The crook, be he simple sneak thief or desperate bandit, has been quick to see the uses of the swift motor in whisking him away from the scene of his hold-up and out of sight round many corners. This means that the modern policeman must think out his job on wholly new lines. The strain on his vigilance is increased many fold. He has had to take to the automobile on his own part, or to the motorcycle, if he is to catch the modern thug. And there is a still greater strain on the policeman's attention.

ONE of the greatest of a policeman's duties, after all, is to prevent or forestall crime before it has occurred. And to do so in these days is a task of pretty tall proportions, when any most innocent-appearing motor-car may contain a bandit or a murderer, ready to halt anywhere, bring off its fell deed, and slip away in its own smoke. Whenever your hear parlor critics ranting about the increase in crime—especially successful crime—and the apparent laxness of the police, just take into consideration all these new complications of life and put yourself in the policeman's shoes, and then judge whether you could do any better, or half as well.

No, the policeman's job in these days is ten times harder than it was. And he is doing it ten times better. I wish I could say that his pay is proportionately better! He is not any better as a man, for the simple reason that he could hardly be any better than he always has been. But he deserves a wider recognition for his splendid contribution to life, and he deserves that recognition in the good, solid form of "iron men" in his pocket.

Did you ever pass a cop on a lonely beat at night and wonder what kind of being there was inside that blue uniform and behind those brass buttons? Ever talk to one? Did you ever ask a cop any sensible question, or even a fool one, and ever get anything but a kindly, obliging answer? Can you really remember ever getting a surly answer? If you did, you struck a pretty tired man, or you were surly yourself. Didn't you always find, instead, a big, good-natured, helpful fellow who was only too willing to set you right on your way? Or if you drew him into a bit of talk, if he had the time, didn't you always find a being pretty much like yourself?

And those old days before Prohibition! Can't you remember watching some fellow homeward bound "in a heavy sea"? He'd been to a banquet, maybe, and the homeward going was rough. You knew he'd land in the arms of some policeman, and you may have waited around to see the fun. And what did you see? Instead of "pinching" the poor fellow, as he easily could, instead of running him in, didn't the cop nearly always give him a little helpful lift and steer instead? Maybe a little warning advice along with it. But was he rough about it? Wasn't he kidding and kindly and willing to wink it away?

We get the idea that the uniform and the stern duties somehow convert the man inside that uniform into a stern, sulky, dictatorial, offish sort of big stiff. He sees humanity on nothing but its worst side, and that, you think, tends to make him suspicious of everybody, yourself included. But talk to that man. Ask him about his children. You'll find that he wants to save, and educate his brood. He wants the wife comfortable. He wants his old age provided for. He is eager to do good work and earn promotion. In a word, he's a man with the same ideas, the same problems, the same hopes and ambitions, and suffers the same disappointments as yourself.

The real wonder is that the *man* in the policeman is so little warped by the hard and sometimes sad duties he has to perform, the tough customers he has to handle.

Wonderful fellow, the American cop! The hardest worked, the most sorely tried occupation there is. But get acquainted with a cop, any cop, and learn what a good fellow he is. Look up to him; he's worth it. He is, first of all, your protector, the guardian of your property, your home, your wife and children. He will any day risk his own life to save theirs or yours. You'll find him your friend, besides—and a mighty good one.

I know of mothers who used to swing the policeman like a bogy over the heads of naughty children. It was always, "Don't you do that, or I'll call the policeman!" Or, "If you do that again, the policeman will surely get you!" It was a wrong to the child and a wrong to the policeman. I tell my boy that the cop is his friend. I want him to make friends with the man of the law. They ought to be pals. I believe most children feel that way now. They certainly should. If every child felt that way today there would be far fewer wrong-doers when this generation grows up.

I sometimes think that the best and strongest influence we have toward the preservation of law and order in any community is *the example of manliness set by the policeman himself.*

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*Her world had fallen in ruins about the Countess . . . . "Vengeance on this beast!" she cried.*

# How I Trailed "Omna" the Faker

*This is Another Thrilling Chapter in the True Adventures of a Woman Detective Who Helped Drive the Fortune-Telling Sharks Out of New York*

## *By* Mrs. Isabella Goodwin Seaholm

*First Grade Detective, New York Police Department*

All my hopes of putting through my biggest fortune-telling case, that against "Omna, the All-Seeing," rested the next day on the Countess's success in getting me into contact with him. To prosecute this King of Soothsayers I would have to get him to sell me some shares in his fake gold mine or at least tell my fortune. One or the other result I must have in order to win this most important case of my career. And only one day was left in which to accomplish my end. Already one of the two days which the inspector had allotted me had passed. Is it any wonder I was anxious?

I almost prayed that the Countess would succeed this time in luring Omna to the hotel. There was one thing in my favor. I thought that with Mrs. Drew pressing him the man might act desperately and without his usual caution. The prospects of getting a good case against him seemed to depend on both his cupidity and his desperation.

It was this that made my hope strong. I knew Omna's bump of acquisitiveness to be abnormally developed. I pictured it as doubly enlarged just at the moment because of the demands of Mrs. Drew. Telepathically I felt that I could see him rubbing oleaginous hands and smiling that happy smile of his at the prospect of dipping his fingers into Mrs. Field's plethoric purse.

My Chicago dollars—how he would rush for them! I pictured him as imagining that his hands held my gold. As I saw him he was licking his chops over the pleasureable sensation excited by letting it dribble through his fingers. Against this picture of success through the man's greed my mind brought up insistently the fact that hitherto he had steadily escaped every trap. Is it any wonder that as I paced my room in a fever of anxiety I hardly looked the part of the well-to-do Mrs. Field—a woman at ease with the world and complacent toward all things. I forgot my role for the nonce and was just Mrs. Goodwin. In my nervous journeys to and fro I snatched the day's page from the big calendar on the wall with such violence that the whole pad went tumbling to the floor. I wanted no reminder of the passing time.

The Countess was under an equal if different strain. Her play, as it had framed itself in her mind through a sleepless night, was to try to regain Omna's affections. What I had said about still wishing to buy the gold-mining stock had somewhat re-established her shaken confidence in the man. How could I tell her that my one purpose in pretending a desire to get the stock was not to purchase the shares but to arrest her wooer as an arrant fraud, a trader on the susceptibilities of widows and orphans, a swindler who never took the chance of trying his wiles on those of equal wit, but always preyed on the innocent and the unwary.

I had not had the slightest notion that my few words would revive her interest in the man. Therefore I had been surprised on this morning to find that she had dressed in her best and was deliberately setting out to win back, as she supposed, the errant heart of Omna. By this time she had begun to believe, as has this not



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been the wont of womankind from the days of Eve, that the other woman had ensnared Omna, had stolen his heart from her. Flying in the face of all the known facts she had come to this decision and had decided to fight this harpy for the black heart of the high-priest of the occult. So the duel was on. Luckily it was a mental, not a physical contest, else one would have to pity poor little Mrs. Drew.

Though still somewhat fearful that she would break down on seeing him and so would reveal her knowledge of the other woman, the Countess had resolved to face him this day in the joyous hope that she could win momentary favor by telling him of the wealthy Mrs. Field. Her heart beats were therefore at high tension when she appeared before the man who was at once her employer, her beloved, and her unfaithful fiance. Right there he was to put both of our hopes to rout; and without even suspecting that he was doing anything out of the ordinary.

As on a previous occasion, I received only a short telephone message from the Countess. "Wait until I see you this evening—can't tell any more now" was all she said. But it wasted a whole day for me. It was then two o'clock and I had been alertly waiting since ten. Now for four more hours of delay, with worry as to what snag we had struck replacing anxiety for the phone to ring as my chief trouble.

WHEN the Countess came in to dinner with me I was puzzled. Her oval face was radiant. Here was a change indeed from the mourner's countenance that had been hers the day before.

"It's all right," she said, "only I couldn't tell you over the phone."

"That's good," said I, "but what's all right?"

"The stock—at least I think he'll find you some. He's trying to, anyway. I had a hard time—he was very angry at me for telling you."

"Telling me?"

"Yes, about the controls and the mother lode and the stock, but I got around him."

"Then why didn't he come and bring me the shares?"

"Oh! he can't. Don't you understand? There isn't any stock loose or on the market. It has to be found. And he's going to do the most wonderful thing for you."

So he had won her over again. What a marvel this man must be as a lover—and as a faker. She was as enthusiastic about him as when I had first met her. I sent her thoughts into a detour by a change of inquiry.

"And how about yourself, dearie?"

She seemed surprised at the doubt implied in the question. Was it possible she had so completely returned to faith in Omna that a suggestion of disbelief was a shock to her?

"About myself? Oh, everything's all right. I'm sure he doesn't care anything about Mrs. Drew."

"He told you that?"

"Oh, no! He doesn't suspect I know anything about her. But he was just as affectionate as could be; he couldn't care for anyone else and love me as he does."

Outwardly I smiled in congratulation, but inwardly I wept for her. How often is woman's belief in man's vows compounded three-fourths of her own desire to believe. Here was the Countess, experienced woman of the world that she was, deceiving herself even more than Omna was deceiving her. I pitied her—but my role of the rich widow made certain demands on me. I could not turn aside from duty for personal sympathies. So what I said was:

"The perfect lover, eh?"

"Wonderful!" The Countess' eyes glowed.

"I think it was you who was wonderful not to show that you knew!"

"Oh, that wasn't so hard when I saw how he greeted me. But do you know I do think he sensed something was wrong."

"He ought to—a psychic like that."

"Oh, he doesn't seem to let his psychic powers interfere in his personal affairs. He keeps the two things apart."

"Of course," said I, knowing full well that he had good reason for that. "But how was it he showed that he suspected?"

"I could see he was a little uneasy after I had been there just a few moments."

"But I don't understand. He was affectionate, but he blamed you for telling me about the mine. Why didn't you hold that back and let him tell me all about it himself?"

"Oh, you wouldn't ask me to do that, to deceive him? I couldn't after he greeted me so lovingly. How could I?"

That was an unanswerable question. A loving, warm hearted woman—how could she twist her nature to deceive?

"You certainly did well," said I, "winning him over to helping me after he disapproved. I am very happy that you did. My investments are troubling me a great deal, especially this fifty thousand I want to place now."

It was her turn to gasp. "Fifty thousand! Why, you never told me. Omna isn't looking for that much stock for you; only for five thousand." She was quite flustered over it, feeling evidently that she had been remiss in the duties for which she was paid by Omna.

"Well," said I, "don't bother to try for any more just now. Five thousand that pays sixty per cent is enough to start with. I've been getting six and seven per cent." My real reason for this statement of course was that I wanted to lay hands on Omna as quickly as possible and any change of plans would mean delay.

"Oh, this is much more than sixty per cent," she cried. "There's an extra divi—"

Her beautifully kept hand leaped to her babbling lips to stop them. It silenced her in mid-sentence, even in mid-word.

"An extra dividend, did you mean?"

"I wasn't to tell! Promise me you won't let Omna know I told you."

"Of course I won't. I'll never tell a soul."

"I don't see what harm there is in this myself, but he told me not to tell anyone. Anyway, it is this. There was an extra dividend of two and one-half per cent yesterday. It's not payable for a month yet and he's trying to get some stock for you before all the stockholders know about it."

That was proof enough for me that Omna had suspected something was wrong. It was plain enough to me—if not to the Countess—that he had declared that extra dividend on the spot for her benefit exclusively.

So that was his way of quieting her doubts! Between his open love-making and this announcement of more money for her pocket her well-justified suspicions had been so lulled that she had again become the man's pliant tool. I wondered if he had declared another special dividend to keep Mrs. Drew quiet. I made a mental memorandum to probe into that question.

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THEN I returned to that which puzzled me—the stock in the mine. Evidently he controlled it, so why didn't he attempt to sell me some. There must be some reason behind it; it wasn't like Omna to delay the taking of money. How I yearned to buy shares and then as a closing speech say, "Omna, you are under arrest!"

So I asked for the solution of this puzzle: "But how can he get these shares for me now? With extra dividends being declared people won't want to sell."

"Oh, this dividend won't be paid for a month yet and lots of the stockholders won't know about it until then. Meantime Omna hopes to find some for you. He's really doing a wonderful thing just for you because I asked it."

"You mustn't put him to too much trouble."

"Oh, it's not real trouble to him, not to a man of his powers. He just uses his controls."

*Little Mrs. Drew fell to weeping. "Oh, if I had only killed him when the urge came!" she moaned.*

"The spirits? The astral bodies?"

"Certainly. Who could do it better?"

"Do what better—sell the stock?"

"No, how terribly slow you are tonight! The spirits find the people who have stock and don't know what it's worth!"

"Oh!" I could only gasp at the audacity of the thing. Real spooks as sleuths were a novelty even to me.

"Yes," came the reply, "the controls can tell whether a stockholder knows the real values, and when they find one who doesn't, all they have to do is to tell Omna."

Very crooked work for spirits, thought I, but then, these spirits might be the spooks of departed crooks, at least to Omna's distorted way of thinking as he faked their activities from day to day for the benefit of the Countess.

Now I knew the whole story. Omna was running true to form after all. I had suspected that he was avoiding me because he was suspicious of the Countess and feared that her jealousy might lead her there to entrap him in some fashion.

Yet here it appeared so plainly that the runner-past might read that Omna was engaged only in whetting my appetite for his gold-printed shares. This pretense about the difficulty of obtaining them was just propaganda intended to make me bid up the price. Here I recognized the old Omna at work; a skilled hand at his game if ever there was one.

"You mean Omna will get these names and will buy the stock for me at the old prices, and before the extra dividend?" was the way I put it to the Countess.

"Not exactly. He will get the names and you can go to the owners and make your own deal, buy the shares direct."

The old fox! So he really was suspicious. He was arranging to have all the purchasing transactions with other persons in order that no complaint could be lodged against him in case the Countess should be attempting a trick. Evidently his love-making had been merely the shallowest kind of a pretense just to cozen her along.

I pretended to fall in with this plan, although I made up my mind in that instant that in some fashion I must get Omna personally to sell me shares. Grand larceny would be the charge then and we might put him away for five to eight years instead of the short time possible under the fortune-telling ordinance.

In addition this "plant" of Omna's amused me. The Countess didn't recognize it. She had moved in circles where the "Sick engineer game" had never been heard of. But I knew all about that old confidence man's trick by which a victim was led to believe that the stock of a certain mine had gone up tremendously because of a big strike. Also that he could get some of the shares for a song from the company's former engineer who was ill in the city and knew nothing of the big strike.

How many thousands of dollars had been paid to such "engineers" who were neither invalids nor engineers and who, upon the completion of their cash transactions over the coverlets had invariably picked up their beds and walked. Now Omna was trying this ancient device on me, of all persons!

"But how long will it take for the controls to find this stock?" I asked, much nettled at the prospect.

"Two or three days, Omna thinks."

And my expense allowance expiring the next day! How was I to hurry up this old artful dodger's game. I must speed him up. And luckily for me the way to do it leaped into my mind on the instant. As we went to my room later in the evening I remarked casually to the Countess that I hoped I would hear from her before two o'clock the next day, because I had an appointment for two with a man who was to advise me about investments. In fussing in my handbag a little later I managed to let drop a card of the Swami Buyandi on which I had pencilled a memorandum that read "2 o'clock" and gave the date of the following day.

(*Continued on page* 54)

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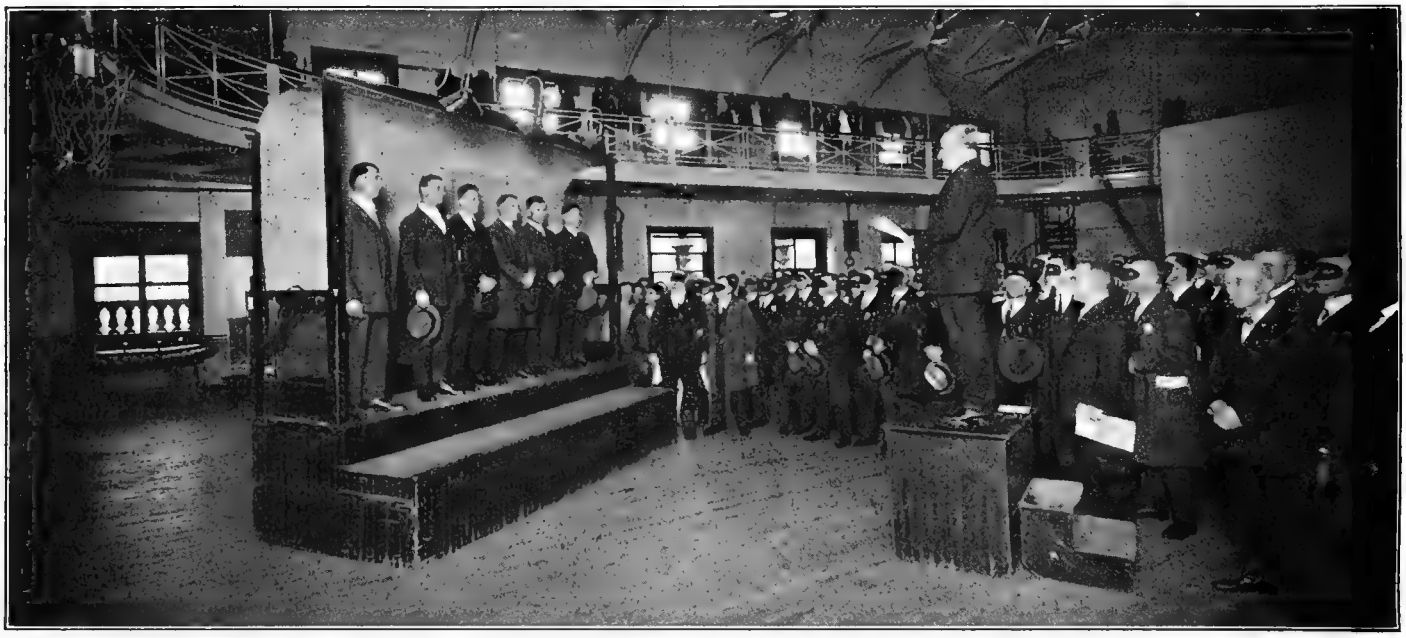
¶ *Here is the absorbing fact-story of how the men who will be called upon to solve the great crime mysteries of the future, are going to school to acquire the fine new technique of first-class detectives*



*The morning "line-up" of criminals, real or alleged, arrested during the previous twenty-four hours*

# The University of Crime Detection

*Sleuthing Efficiency in the Future Requires, in New York at least, that Every Detective Be Graduated Only After a Severe Course of Study*

## *By* Barry James

WHAT is your notion of a typical New York detective? If that question were answered by all of Father Knickerbocker's sons, the vast majority of replies would probably fall into one of three classes, as follows:

First the burly individual with large, flat feet, a cravat of notably high visibility, a derby hat aggressively cocked over one eye and the well-chewed stub of a cigar firmly clamped in place by his protruding underjaw.

Second, the wonder-working sort of sleuth who can gain entrance to a suspect's house disguised as the ice-man, instantly to emerge as a fat, bewhiskered German professor after having found and secreted about his person some bit of evidence such as the family Bible, say, or perhaps Webster's Unabridged.

Third, the lean, cold and scholarly person who solves abstruse mysteries with a magnifying glass in one hand and a hypodermic syringe in the other.

These types, widely different though they are, nevertheless have one point in common; each is equally remote from the truth. The latter two, of course, never existed nor could exist except in lurid drama or fiction. The first-named variety, in a more or less modified form, might occasionally have been encountered at one time, but is now, at all events so far as the New York Police Department is concerned, as extinct as the icthyosaurus.

*The progressive burglar with an acetylene blow-pipe will cut the combination lock of a safe as clean as a saw through soft pine*

Yet the average citizen's erroneous notions of the real detective is even less to be wondered at than is his ignorance of facts that govern selection and discipline of the uniformed force. The latter, it is true, he sees so constantly that they pass with little more notice than would be given to a lamp-post or a fire-plug, but the former he sees rarely if ever, to know them for what they are.



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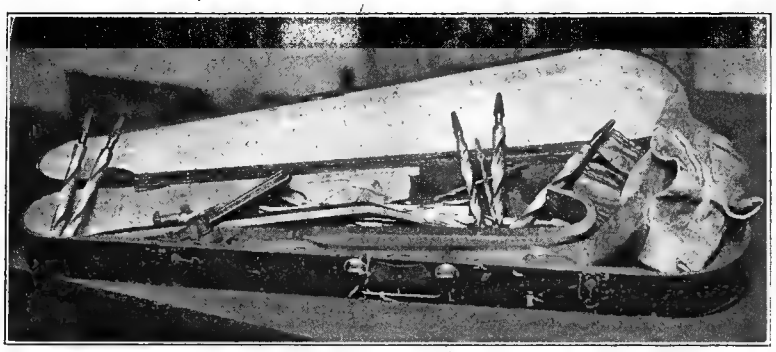
The detective's line of business is a striking refutation of the well-known adage that "it pays to advertise."

Admittedly the old-time New York detective often left much to be desired, but an assumption that he worked to no useful end would nevertheless have been unjust even when his efficiency was at its very lowest ebb of achievement.



*Even honest tools are branded as a burglar's kit when carried about in a violin case.*

His methods were crude, it is true. What results he obtained, if not reached with the aid of information given by "stool-pigeons" were usually found in the "drag-net"—a general round-up of known crooks. But stool-pigeons and the drag-net both were useful then, and for that matter are useful still, within their limits. The old-timer generally failed because he had so few resources beyond those limits. It is a safe bet that neither the killing of the cigar-girl, Mary Rogers, made famous by Poe as "Marie Roget," nor the Nathan affair, would long remain among our unsolved murder mysteries if they occurred to-day.

Gradually, as years went by, Civil Service requirements and the Police Training School, with other influences to aid them, brought to the entire Department higher and higher standards of personnel. The heavy-hoofed sleuth, with his cigar-stub and prognathous jaw, faded out of actual existence to be seen only in comic pictures. The better types of men found methods to correspond; but even so, the clever and resourceful type of criminal became increasingly difficult to cope with.

Unpleasant questions and comment by press and public became more and more persistent. One police commissioner after another realized that something must be done. The present commissioner, Richard E. Enright, did not rest content with a mere realization. He went and did that something.

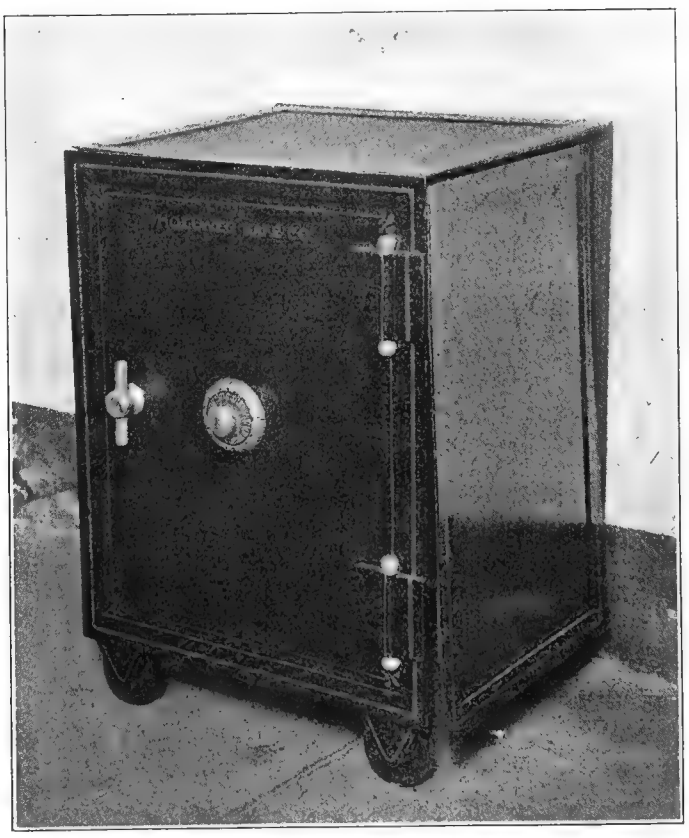
On April 25th, 1923, he issued an order that was not a command. It was an invitation, extended to all members of the force who wished to become detectives. The invitation was promptly accepted by three hundred ambitious cops, and thus the Police Department Detective School came into being.

This, of course, does not mean that the school sprang at once, with no preliminaries, into full operation. Such things aren't done that way. Any policeman who has served more than one year and less than ten was at liberty to apply for admission, but the application might not be favorably considered. Two-thirds of those first aspirants had to be rejected, for the number of the elect was one hundred, and no more. Sound timber was wanted.

Deputy Police Commissioner Faurot is the member of Commissioner Enright's personal staff who was assigned by his chief to the charge of this school. As such he was, and still is, chairman of the board appointed to select the fortunate candidates. They hold an examination of sorts, but an examination of the ordinary kind is neither necessary nor desirable to gain the end they have in view.

ALREADY it has been pointed out that the Police Training School, through which every candidate must pass before he can become a patrolman, is closely parallel to other technical schools which prepare their students for other professions. West Point was cited as an example. This comparison of the army and the police force still holds good. The Detective School is analogous to the Officers' School at Leavenworth.

Both, that is to say, are post-graduate institutions, designed for the further instruction of picked men along certain lines. The fitness of all the applicants, so far as the ordinary duties of their professions are concerned, has already been established. It is their qualifications for specialized work that is now to be determined. In the case of those who aspire to be detectives, no formal examination could achieve this end by itself. Each applicant is a separate problem, and has to be considered as such.



*This pasteboard safe was made to deceive the police while the real one was being burglarized in a back room.*

Knowledge of human nature, adaptability, quickness of mental reactions, inherent powers of keen observation and logical deduction—all these qualities, and many others, or the lack of them, must be determined in advance, so far as it can be done, but even this is by no means the end of the matter. The applicant's mental equipment is important, but his physical suitability is no less so. His athletic prowess has nothing to do

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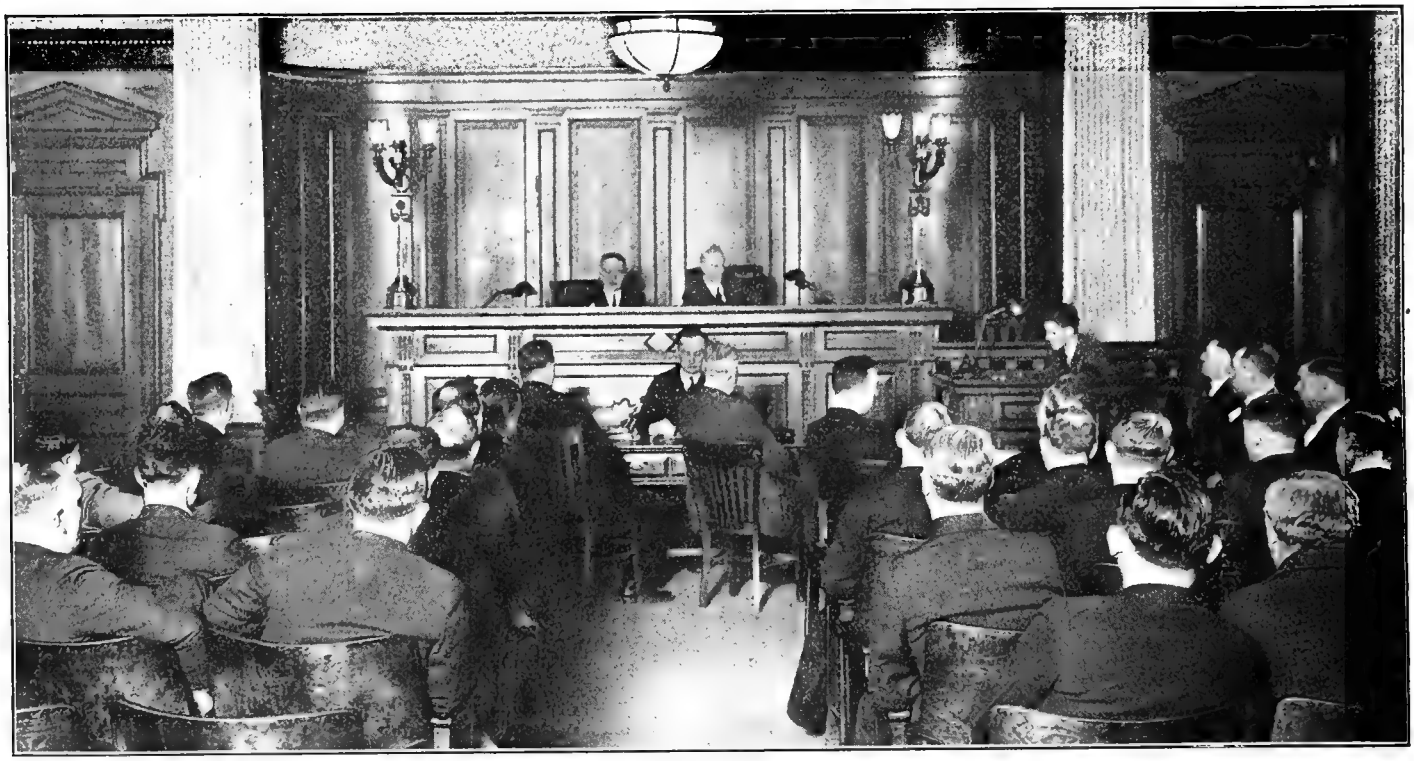


*A moot court for the instruction of detectives is perfect in every detail, even having an honest-to-goodness judge to preside over it.*

with this; it simply means that he must have no outstanding characteristic that will attract attention and remain in the observer's memory. How long would a detective remain undetected by a person whom he was trailing if he sported parenthetical legs, or a nose like that of Mr. Punch? And when this has happened his use, at any rate so far as that case goes, is naturally pretty much at an end.

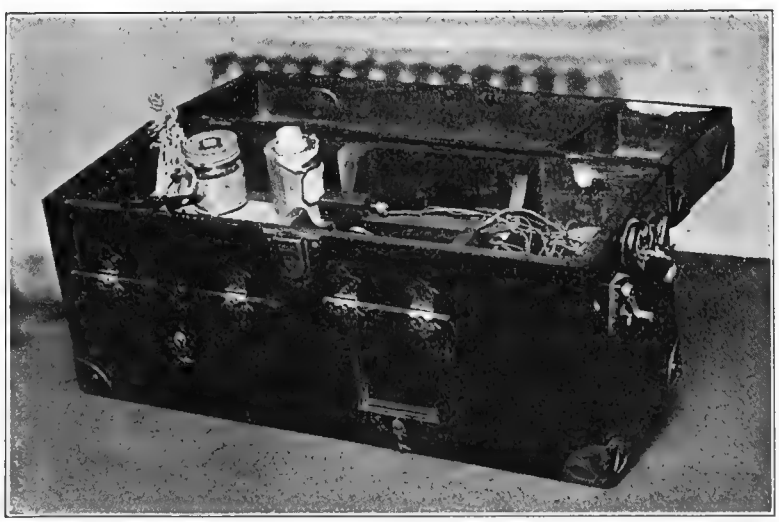
With all these requirements kept constantly in view, the selective board looked over the first lot of applicants, one by one, and divided them according to their eligibility into three practically equal parts; Classes A, B and C. It was a most thankless task, as such tasks always must be.

"What was there," asked sundry disgruntled members of classes B and C, "to prevent the men who sat on that board from pitchforking their own incompetent friends at the cost of really deserving candidates?" Then they proceeded bitterly to answer their own question by howling one word, "Nothing!"

In a way their answer was probably perfectly correct. If Third Deputy Police Commissioner Faurot and his associates took it into their heads to play a practical joke on the incompetents—for that is what it would be, and rather a malicious practical joke at that—there seems to be nothing to prevent their appointing them to the Detective School. They wouldn't have to worry about the outcome; the incompetents themselves would attend to that. When the agony was over, those suppositious incompetents wouldn't have obtained the coveted detective's badge, to be sure, but they would have acquired at least one useful bit of information. Their minds would have become thoroughly impressed with the fact that the making of a modern New York sleuth, unlike the proverbial kiss, cannot possibly go by favor.

Instruction in the Police Training School naturally and properly follows the general trend of all technical schools intended to educate the young layman along professional lines, and therefore has a permanent faculty, who conduct many of its classes as recitations—"quizzes."

The Detective School quite as logically follows the time-proved custom of other post-graduate institutions. Its curriculum, carefully thought out and arranged before that order of April, '23, was issued, consists almost entirely of lectures, each delivered by the greatest expert in his line that can be obtained, which means that in practically every instance he is as competent as any in existence.



*Slips of blank paper that were fed into this machine were supposed to be ground out again as good greenbacks.*

THIS school therefore has no faculty in the ordinary sense of that word. Its commandant, Lieutenant William T. Reynolds, is purely an executive. Aided only by an adjutant, it is he who keeps the varied machinery of this organization in smooth and frictionless operation. Certainly this



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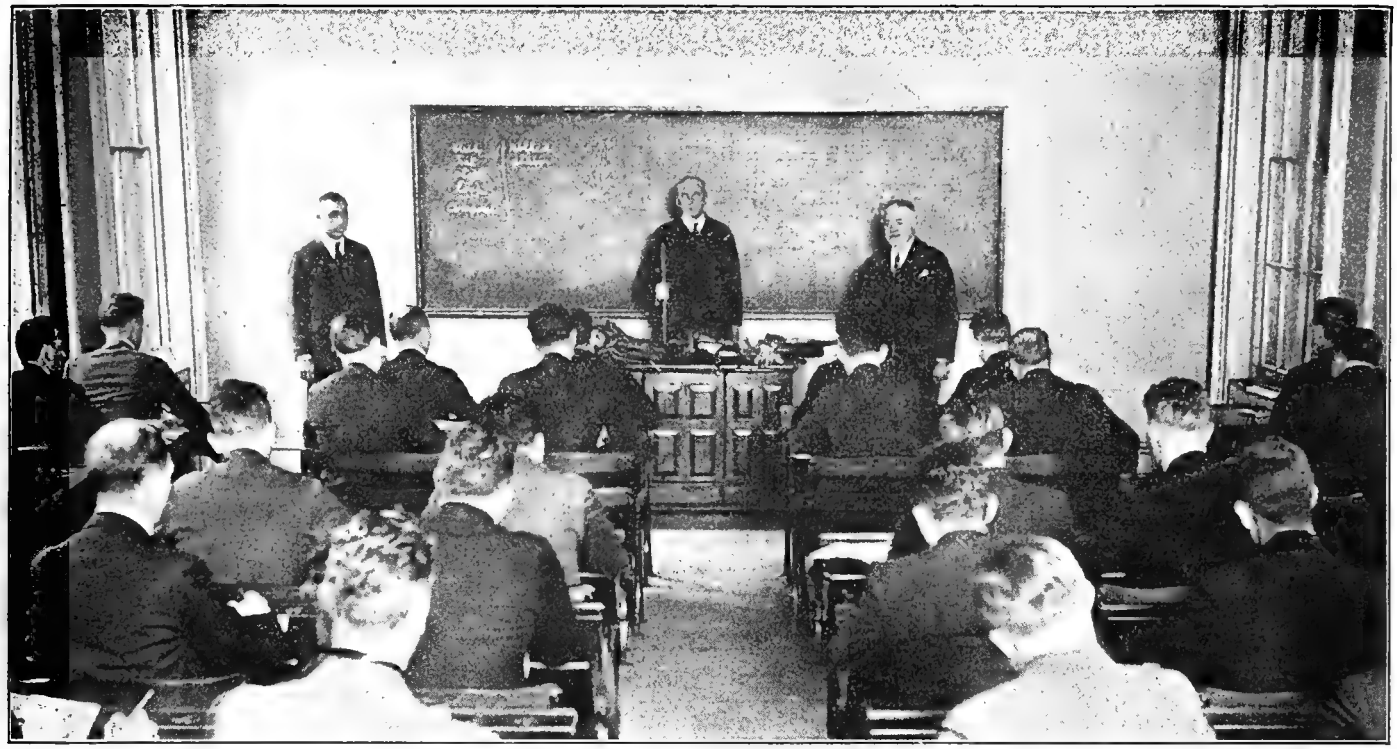

*This Detective School class in scientific finger-print study might be held in a college lecture-room, so far as appearances go*

would seem quite enough—"and then some"—to occupy one man's working hours, yet it is accomplished by Lieutenant Reynolds with all the appearance of unflustered ease. He even manages to deliver lectures on criminal identification in order, it would seem, to fill what otherwise would be his leisure time.

The work of this school is, moreover, considerably more extensive than it was in the beginning. Also more intensive, for the original term of sixty days has not been lengthened. The curriculum as first arranged is practically unaltered. But the methods of criminals and therefore of crime detection, have progressed mightily during the past year, and the necessity for added instruction is the natural result. So great is this necessity that in the present session attendance is equally divided between applicants from the uniformed force and those who already have won the rank and pay of detectives.

Still, none of the students has been heard to complain that his work is insufficient. Perhaps the novices, meeting it with open minds, find it less difficult than veterans who may have much to unlearn. But what they all must crowd into that short term would make the average college man's mental activities seem like a holiday by contrast.

To begin, in the order of precedence, there are three addresses. One, to open the session, takes for its subject "The School for Detectives," and is delivered by Commissioner Enright himself. Then, "The Prosecutor and the Police," by District Attorney Banton, followed by "Criminals and the Law," expounded by no less a person than the Hon. William McAdoo. These, however, add comparatively little to the student's mental burden. They are intended only to convey broad and general ideas of the subjects treated. It is the "topics" that really count.

That is what they are called in the printed Detective School curriculum—"topics." "Courses" is the word that would be used in a university catalogue, and such a catalogue would not have a much longer list. Apart from three courses of instruction, physical, in pistol-practice and field-work respectively, there are forty of these topics. Each one is split into parts as many as a Puritan sermon with its "firstly, secondly" and so on. Many of those parts are subdivided. Each division and subdivision requires at least one lecture, probably more; and all, remember, crowded into sixty days. Each lecture means that exhaustive notes must be taken, and the gist of those notes memorized.

How much work does this imply? Make your own guess; it's as good as any one else's. It depends somewhat upon the man, of course, but it's plenty in any case.

In the natural course of things there must be some drudgery in this work, but there is less by far than many would expect to find. It is done, in the first place, by men who are bent upon increasing their knowledge of the profession to which they are devoting their lives. And then, even to a layman many of the topics and their subdivisions suggest by their very names all the thrills of an exciting tale.

The first topic to be sure, "The Detective and His Commanding Officer," is so strictly technical in its nature that any interest it may possess is confined to those who are directly concerned with it. The second topic, "Criminal Investigation"—with nineteen lettered sub-heads, ranging from "Work of Investigation" and "The Complainant" at "a" and "b", through "The Prisoner" at "i" to "Neglected Points in Detective Work from Police Standpoint" at "s"—sets the wheels of a layman's imagination a-going with a buzz.

They continue to buzz through the third, with five sub-heads, which also concern themselves with criminal investigation, but from another angle; that of identification. The imagination slows down somewhat over the next two, which have to do with matters of professional courtesy, discipline and paper-work. At the one following, "Evidence," the wheels almost stop—but not quite.

(*Continued on page* 60)



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*Mayor Hylan decorating Major Barnes for her services, during one of the great annual police parades through Fifth Avenue.*

*The parade of New York's "Finest" has come to be one of the important events of the year in the estimation of Gothamites.*

# The Women's Police Reserves

*Some of the Great Work Accomplished by this Distinguished Auxilliary of New York's Preservers of Law and Order*

## *By Major* Jean Dean Barnes

*Commander of the Manhattan and Bronx Unit*

CROSSING Wall Street on her way to meet her daughter for a downtown luncheon, a woman felt a swift tremor of the pavement beneath her feet. A sharp upheaval flung her upon her face. There was the report as of a cannon. Smoke filled her nostrils, dizzying her.

She drew herself up, commanding her bruised muscles to obey her will. From her groping posture on her knees she saw dense black smoke rising pall-like about her. Men and women, stunned or moaning, were prone upon their backs or faces all about her. A girl screamed. A man's blood-stained face, turned upward, touched her skirt.

The woman did not faint. Nor did she shriek. She staggered to her feet and picked her handbag from the gutter. Snatching a writing-pad and pencil from it she leaned above the man with the blood-stained face.

"What is your name?" she asked. "Give it to me with your address and telephone number so that we can notify your friends or family that you have been hurt."

The man groaned his answer. She wrote it hurriedly and passed down the line of the injured. Her voice, low, clear, insistent, pierced the fog of their pain and bewilderment. "Your name and address, please, so that we can communicate with your friends," she repeated. Her muscles wracked, her face and hands bleeding, she kept on at her work. A policeman ran down the street. The woman tore the leaves from her writing-pad and gave them to the officer.

"These are the names and addresses of the people about me, beginning with the man there who has fainted and down to the girl in hysterics," she said. He thanked her and thrust the addresses into his pocket. There were twenty of them. She was Major Gertrude Formanek of the Women's Police Reserves of the Bronx. Trained to think, to act, to help quickly, she had been of material aid to the police in the great Wall Street explosion.

A quiet, determined woman went to court every day that the court was in session for one whole year. There walked or sat with her a girl of seventeen. The woman was Major Isabella B. Allen of the Women's Police Reserves. The girl was Veronica Flynn, victim of one of the most horrifying crimes ever perpetrated against innocent youth. Major Allen had resolved that the eighteen men who committed those crimes should be punished for them. For her zeal in the prosecution her life was threatened. In some cases by the wives of the guilty men. But she went every day to court. The girl was there as a witness. At the end of her assiduous year Major Allen heard sentence pronounced upon the last of the bestial men. Each had received terms of three to five years in prison. Major Allen took Veronica back to her home in a mining town in Pennsylvania.

Captain Elizabeth Ferguson heard one day that in an



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apartment in her block an important family conference would take place that evening. It was her habit to make calls on the families who lived near her. She called at the apartment house while the conference was in progress; just seemed to drop in, with neighborly intent. As she had expected, since she was present, her advice was sought. An error of youth and impulse had been made. Should marriage follow or should it not? The girl, as in many such instances, was more reluctant than the man to marry. The woman talked to them in a kind, neighborly way, about their duty to their child unborn, their duty to their families and to society. When she left they were engaged and the date of the wedding had been set. She was invited to attend. Almost no one knew about the conference or its need. The woman who had decided their fates wore no uniform. Her shield was hidden. None suspected her errand. She was of the Police Reserves.

Another woman seeing a house on fire rushed in and snatched a baby from its flaming crib before the fire alarm had been given. Her hands and face were badly burned. Captain Margaret Dost nearly became a martyr to her duty, as did three splendid women who died at post during the influenza epidemic.

Passing a tenement house Captain Anna Walker heard fierce words and loud outcries. She hurried to the room whence came the sounds. She seized the upraised arm of a man who had threatened to kill his wife. The knife in his hand was a witness that he meant what he said. The policewoman finally patched up the quarrel between husband and wife that so nearly led to murder.

Hurrying along a dark street to the Astoria ferry Major J. Halle Braun saw a girl struggling with a man in sailor's uniform. His hand across the girl's mouth stilled her screams. He was dragging her toward a lonely field. The woman overtook them.

"Let the girl go," commanded Major Braun.

The man sneered. "Go home and mind your own business," he growled.

Major Braun unbuttoned her jacket and showed a shining shield. The man's arms fell away from the struggling, sobbing girl. Cursing both he walked toward the outskirts of the town. The woman took the girl to her home.

Major Louise Ahearn heard that a girl who had been ill a long time could get a job if she had a neat, new dress. Her possible employer had noticed her shabbiness and told her that he expected his employees to be better dressed than she was. Major Ahearn told her friends about it. There was a vigorous rummaging in closets. The girl, in suitable attire, went to work. She still has the job.

A neighborhood group was discussing the needs of an ex-soldier's family. He had come back after the war. Shell shock's consequences slowly developed. He had married at once. A child was born. Another would soon arrive. The ex-soldier had been sent to a camp in the mountains. The rent was overdue. The young wife and child were menaced with dispossession. An ex-soldier heard the story. He said to a woman of the Police Reserves: "You can have my bonus. I don't need it and hadn't expected to ask for it. But I will ask for it now and you can give it to the wife."

Mrs. Josie Tambercelli came to New York from Sopris, Colorado. Her husband had died. She believed that if she came to the big city she could get more work and—save the mark!—live more cheaply. For eight months she made a losing struggle. Captain Anna Wadman found her and handed her five dollars for immediate necessities. The woman told her she wanted to go back to Sopris. She knew she had made a mistake in coming to the Metropolis. Captain Wadman visited one charity organization after another in the woman's behalf. At the State Board of Charities she succeeded in securing the railway fare to take the family back to their old home. Happiness shone from the disillusioned woman's face when she was told that she was going back in a Pullman car from Chicago. She was met at the Pennsylvania station and put aboard the train with her four small children, the tickets tied about her neck in a neat little bag. Several weeks later Captain Wadman received a letter from the woman. This letter told of their arrival:

*Major Gertrude Formanek (fourth from the left) and officers of the Bronx unit of the Women's Police Reserves*

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*Major (Miss) Jean Dean Barnes, Commander of the Manhattan and Bronx unit of the Women's Police Reserves of New York. Her article on these pages is an illuminating one. It will be an eye-opener for many uninformed readers.*

*Sopris, Colo., Aug.* 22, '24

"DEAR FRIEND:

"Just a few lines to let you know that we are all in good health and hope you are the same. We have fine trip and arrived in Trinidad in good safety. We thank you very much for your trouble. Maybe sometime we may see you again. If we do I will bring you something. This is all for this time. Good bye. Goodbye. We send you many regards from all.

"Yours truly,

"JOSIE TABERCELLI."

A house near the East River was known as a resort for young criminals. There murder plots had been made. Neighbors shivered when they passed what they called "The Murder House." A woman heard of its story and told it to the Women's Police Reserves. There was some quick action and now "the murder house" is gone. In its place stands the United Community House, a settlement center. Next door, instead of the once notorious saloon that occupied the site, is a young men's club. The buildings are a monument to the women of the Police Reserves in the Tenth Precinct, commanded by Captain Anna Wadman.

When the Tom's River explosion shook New Jersey it was believed to be a herald of one in New York City. Police Reserve women went from house to house—skirted Paul Reveres—telling families to be calm and to assemble, if possible, in parks and open spaces. The women who went forth on this errand of soothing the terror-stricken did not know when they said goodbye to their own families, whether they would ever again see them. A titanic danger threatened the city. Destruction might befall it any hour. But those women went quietly, smilingly, on their house-to-house errand seeking to prevent the impending panic, which destroys its hundreds of thousands as compared to war and earthquake's thousands.

There was a strike by the drivers of milk wagons. It was an ominous situation that threatened the health and lives of the children of the city. When a new driver went out on a milk wagon a member of the police force drove with him. That would have left the traffic almost unguarded. Commissioner Enright called for the Women's Police Reserves. Seven hundred of them were stationed in the middle of the street crossings, where traffic was heaviest, near the school houses. They left their homes every day for three weeks to perform this service. Several of the days the rain beat upon them unceasingly. A car was halted by a small, determined woman. The driver tried to explain. The small woman held up her hand and shouted the cry of Verdun: "You shall not pass!" The man in the car halted and complimented her. It was Deputy Commissioner Harriss, of the traffic branch of the Police Department. Not a life was lost in all that disturbed webb of the city's complicated traffic.

These are just a few of the reasons why I am vastly proud of the Women's Police Reserves—Why I feel honored by being their commanding officer.

They are a war-born institution, an institution that carried over into guardianship of the city's morale in time of peace. There were five thousand of us during the War. There are five hundred now that the great crisis has passed. They were not disbanded. One-tenth of the number volunteered to continue on duty.

They are an auxiliary of the Police Department. They

(*Continued on page* 66)

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# Stolen—$5,000,000 in Bonds

*How I Nailed an Elusive Go-Between and Landed the Principal in a Famous Wall Street Robbery Case*

## *By Detective* Charles F. Kane

*New York Police Department*

FIVE million dollars was at stake when I tackled what I then thought was my toughest case. Five million dollars in bonds had been stolen by a Wall Street messenger and delivered to someone through a go-between.

I was attached to the Safe and Loft Squad of the Detective Division and the first I heard of the case, except for reading in the newspapers about the big bond robbery below the "Dead Line," was when Inspector John J. Cray, now Fourth Deputy Police Commissioner, sent word for me to meet him at Second avenue and Eighteenth street at eight o'clock. It was in January, 1920. I lived in the neighborhood where he told me to meet him and I was there at the appointed hour.

"Kane," said the Inspector, "this is an important case and a hard one. Chief Assistant District Attorney Alfred J. Talley is working up that Wall Street bond robbery and we've got to get his man."

We started to walk and on the way he told me that the only clue we had centered about a man named "Abie" and he thought he knew where this man lived. We walked to the corner of Broadway and Fifty-third street, where we stopped. Inspector Cray said to me, "This man called 'Abie' is supposed to live in that house over there in Fifty-third street. I don't know that he does. It's going to be your business to find this 'Abie' in there and trail him. I haven't even a description of him. Only his name —'Abie'."

"Well, Inspector," I replied, "this is a pretty tough job."

"Yes," he said, "I know it is, and I know it's going to be hard to locate him, but do the best you can and report to me."

I knew the house to be a rendezvous for a very lively crowd. It was a ten-story apartment building and rather high class, except that the owner didn't seem to mind much who lived there so long as the rent was paid. The first thing I did was to go to the Tenement House Department and get an inspector's badge. Then, the next day, I went to the apartment and asked for the proprietor. I met the superintendent and told him that I had come to inspect the building. He gave orders to the elevator operator to take me anywhere I wanted to go. I went directly to the top floor.

I hadn't the slightest idea what I was going to do, but at any rate I was in the house and some "Abie" might happen along. From the top floor I walked to the roof and looked around. I inspected that roof, but didn't see anything suspicious. I didn't see any "Abies." But I did see some cans and boxes of refuse on the fire-escape on the tenth floor, below the roof where I stood, so I started down stairs again, looking for the elevator man.

As I stepped to the top floor I saw a man come out of apartment 74. I kept on walking around the elevator shaft and down the steps to the floor below. The man who had come out of number 74 looked Jewish and I laughed to myself at the thought that he might be "Abie." The elevator passed my floor and went to the one above, where it took on the man and came back. The door opened and I got in. I told the elevator man to tell the superintendent there were boxes of rubbish on the fire-escape and if they were not removed by the next day I would put a violation on the building.

My reason for getting in the elevator and saying this in the presence of the other man was to be able to prove by the elevator-man, if necessary, that I had been in the car with them both.

The Jewish chap and I left the building and I trailed him. He went down Broadway to Forty-eighth street, where he entered a cigar store and bought a package of cigarettes. I took note of the brand. He then continued down Broadway to Forty-second street, turned east and went to the Hotel Commodore, where he entered the grill and began to look about for someone. Presently another man came in and greeted him and the two stood talking. I removed my hat and overcoat and sat down. These two didn't look like patrons of the Commodore but I was dressed for my part and they didn't notice me.

IT must have been about half an hour before anything happened. The two kept talking but I couldn't hear what they said. Presently another man came in and went over to them.

The newcomer was a fine-looking personage, stylishly dressed and wearing a pointed moustache. I was surprised to see a man of his calibre talking with the other two; that very fact made me feel certain that I was getting close to something, if not to "Abie" and the bond robbery. The newcomer was quite tall and as he stood talking to the man from the apartment house he was a head over the other, so his voice carried over his shoulder to where I sat. The words I distinctly heard gave me a jolt.

"We've got it down to a system," he said, "three hundred thousand dollars' worth—"

That was all I could hear, for a page boy came into the grill at that moment and called for "Mr. Frank de R. Storey." The big man answered and was told there was a call for him on the telephone.

I put that name down in my book when they weren't looking. I'd never heard it before but I make it a point to put down everything worth while and names are always worth remembering. Presently the tall man came back and the three talked for awhile, after which the tall one went into the hotel and they strolled out into the street. I followed them.

They went up Lexington avenue to Fifty-seventh street



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and then west to Fifth avenue, with me about three-quarters of a block behind on the opposite side. They suspected they might be trailed, for they kept looking around, but they didn't notice me. At Fifth avenue I saw them jump on a northbound 'bus while it was moving.

That stumped me for a minute, but I broke into a run and kept after them. I figured that I had just one chance of not losing them. That chance was that the bus would be held up by the traffic signal at Fifty-ninth street. I happened to hit it right, for it was stopped there.

My two men were sitting on top and I made that bus and got inside. It kept on up Fifth avenue and the only way I could tell whether they were still on top was by watching their reflection in the windows of the residences along the avenue as we rode north. At One Hundred and Tenth street and Lenox avenue they got off and so did I. I went across to Central Park, while the two went into a candy store on the corner where I saw one of them enter a telephone booth. It was my "Abie" (as I had begun to think of him,) who did the telephoning.

After the telephone conversation both men came out of the store and I could see from across the street that they were greatly excited. They began looking around, as if for a taxi, and just then I saw a Department automobile coming and met it up the street, far enough away from the two men to allay suspicion if they saw me talking to the policeman. In the car were Sergeant Patrick Sheridan and his driver. The car was a big one, good enough to catch a taxi if it had to. I explained my case to Sergeant Sheridan and told him I was afraid the two might get away from me. I asked him to stand by with his car, in case I needed help.

Presently my precious pair dove into a taxi and drove down Fifth avenue to Thirty-fourth street and thence west to Sixth avenue, where they got out. I was right after them in the police car.

Here the pair met another man. He wore smoked glasses, as many crooks do when they don't want to be recognized. The case looked more and more suspicious to me as we progressed. The three went to a restaurant on the south side of Thirty-fourth street near Sixth avenue. I waited outside until six o'clock, when they came out. It was cold and dark and when the trio got into the crowd on Sixth avenue I lost them, after trailing them all day.

Well, the best I could think of then was to telephone to Inspector Cray about the day's work. He called Judge Talley and relayed what I had reported.

"Storey is the man we are after," the Inspector told me the Assistant District Attorney said to him. Also "keep on the trail and stick fast."

Of course I knew then that the little man I had picked up at the Fifty-third street apartment when I had gone there as an inspector of the Tenement House Department was the "Abie" I had been told to get, so I covered that house until "Abie" came out again. I again trailed him all over town. I never saw a man who could think of so many places to go to in so many widely separated sections of the city. East Side, West Side, South Side and North Side—he certainly kept me busy. But I never lost sight of him for three weeks, except when he was asleep and even then I knew he was within reach. I knew what that chap had for breakfast, dinner and supper, what he smoked, what he drank and the kind of pajamas he wore. He suspected he was being trailed all the time, but he never suspected me. I'll prove that by the end of this story. His name was "Abie Nash" and he was a go-between for stolen property of all kinds, even working with safe cracksmen and loft robbers.

After I'd been on "Abie's" trail for about three weeks we laid a trap for Storey through a stool pigeon. We had him introduced to a supposedly crooked broker from Atlantic City who would buy the stolen bonds. This phoney broker happened to be no other than Detective Brierton and the appointment with Storey was for Broadway and Seventy-second street, right in the heart of the busy uptown district.

Storey asked where the broker was stopping and was told at the Hotel McAlpin Annex. He was given the man's name and plans were made to sell a big lot of bonds to the broker who was to have at his room in the hotel not less than $25,000 cash for the first purchase.

When we reported this to Mr. Talley the Chief Assistant took a room adjoining that of the Atlantic City broker's, using an assumed name. He wanted to hear what was said in that room.

Storey kept the appointment and the broker was there, in the person of Detective Brierton. On the bed the officer had spread out $2,000 in good money and enough Confederate bills to make it look as if he had the $25,000 in cash. Storey must have been suspicious, for he told the other that he had not yet got hold of the bonds and would have to deliver them later. All this Mr. Talley heard through the door of his room next door.

While this was going on I was still on the trail of "Abie" and followed him to the McAlpin. He had four men with him and they held a conference, after which they each stood guard over a door to the hotel. It began to look to me as if they had planned a hold-up of the crooked broker and didn't intend to deliver any bonds. "Abie" was in command. I went to the cigar store at Broadway and Thirty-third street and called Mr. Talley under his assumed name in the hotel room, telling him of the guard that had been placed on all the exits of the hostelry. He told me not to bother the men outside and in about half an hour he came out with Brierton.

Mr. Talley then inaugurated another clever ruse. We opened a brokerage office in Broad street, with Brierton in charge, and let it be known to "Abey," Storey and the others. Then we heard that "Abie" was going there with stolen bonds worth $50,000 and I was told that if he went into the office and came out alone he would have sold the bonds and would have on his person the marked money paid for them.

So I followed "Abie" from his home in Fifty-third street to the broker's office. He went in and he did come out alone. I knew then that we had him. I followed him to the Wall street subway station, where he took a northbound train and I followed. He sat inside, opened a paper and began to read. I stood on the platform. Between Astor place and Fourteenth street he looked up at me and I beckoned him to come out. He rose and came out, asking me what I wanted.

"Why have you been holding your paper over that man's lap?" I asked him.

"Say, do you think I'm a pickpocket?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," I told him.

"You've got me wrong," he said, "I'm a business man I'm in the printing business."

I told him he'd have to go with me to Headquarters and tell it to the chief and I took him there. While this was going on down town two detectives had telephoned to Storey at the Commodore to come over to the information bureau at Grand Central and meet the crooked broker. He came and they arrested him and took him down to Mr. Talley's office, charging grand larceny and receiving stolen property. He was later indicted on four

(*Continued on page* 53)

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*Paris patrolman or Gardien de la Paix.*

*M. Armand Naudin, Prefect of Police, whose post is one of the most powerful in all France*

*Patrolman Cyclist of the Paris Force.*

# The Picturesque Police of Paris

*Oldest of All Peace Guardians the Officers of the Law in the French Capital are Soldierly, Efficient and Proud of Their Profession*

*By Lieutenant* F. C. Kruse *in collaboration with Acting-Captain* John A. Golden, *Deputy Chief Inspector* Samuel G. Belton *and Former Inspector* William T. Davis *of the Foreign Police Commission, New York*

THE oldest modern police force in the world! To this possession many European cities lay claims which never can be really decided because each one interpets "modern" in its own fashion. But in the sense that we of the New York police understand that word, the honor must be awarded to Paris.

To the capital city of France, the home of Vidocq, super-detective, whose exploits not even the characters created by Hugo, Dumas and Gaboriau can excel, goes the palm of police antiquity. When Vidocq was born the police system organized by order of Louis XIV had been in efficient operation for a century or more; yet the infant Vidocq first opened his eyes when rapiers still were longer than their wearers' breeches, and both were regarded as equally indispensable articles of a gentleman's attire.

The days of rapier and powdered wig faded away, however, before Vidocq passed his 'teens. There followed the Terror and then, while he still was a very young man, came the Directory which, in 1796, founded the Ministry of Police that was to employ him and which, in a modified form, is still in existence.

During this time, and for a long period thereafter, London, in contrast, was policed by ancient watchmen armed with halberds and carrying lanterns which served nicely to warn thieves of their approach. Apart from making night hideous by bawling forth hourly weather reports, their principal function apparently consisted of acting as butts for practical jokes of a primitive nature played by roistering young patricians.

The great Vidocq had lived the life of a policeman and also that of a private detective which for him was an unfortunate combination of the two, and he was existing in poverty when that state of affairs in London came to an end. Its end was brought about by the first real London police force—popularly known first as "peelers" and then as "bobbies" in honor of their founder—which had been instituted by Sir Robert Peel.

At approximately the same time—in 1852, to be exact, five years before the death of old Vidocq—the French Ministry of Police was united to the Ministry of the Interior. This was not an essential change. In no way did it affect police discipline or development for good



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or ill. It is mentioned here simply because, despite its unimportance, it is the only change that is really notable which has taken place within the memory of living man. All other changes have been matters of healthy growth, from seeds some of which were planted before Columbus sailed into the Caribbean. The growth in its modern form began fifty years or thereabouts before the birth of George Washington, and has continued, practically without interruption, through political upheavels that staggered the civilized world, up to the present day.

*M. Guichard, Director of the Municipal Police.*

Because the Parisian police system is a matter of growth and not, like that of London, one of decree, it is somewhat more complicated than it otherwise might have been. By no means, however, does this imply any lack of efficiency. Quite the contrary! In all the world there is no machine of its sort that does its work more smoothly and competently. Its growth has kept it abreast, or a pace or two ahead, of the necessities brought by the growth of Paris. It should be remembered that Paris was a huge city, as cities then went, even when Louis XIV was king. It was, of course, much larger when Vidocq finally left it for another and—it is to be hoped—a better world in 1857.

Paris proper, which New Yorkers may compare roughly to Manhattan, has a present population of 2,888,110; the communes, or suburbs, are something like but not as populous as New York City's outlying sections—have an additional population of 1,505,129, or 4,393,239 in all. In area, the city of Paris is a trifle less than 31 square miles, but with its suburbs added this mileage is brought up to nearly 300. In Paris alone there are 637 miles of streets. All this, if properly cared for, as it is, needs an amount and a sort of police supervision that none but the most efficient organization could possibly supply.

At the head of this organization is the Prefect, a post which at present is most ably filled by M. Armand Naudin, who cordially welcomed the Committee and opened wide the portals of every office and bureau of this great department. Many Americans are more or less vaguely familiar with the nature of his office, if only through the numerous novels, with scenes laid in Paris, in which it prominently figures; and it is only natural that it should so figure. Before 1859 he was the most powerful official in Paris, which is another way of saying that he was the most powerful in all France, with the possible and occasional exception of the king or emperor. Since that time his authority has been subordinated to that of the Procurator of the Republic, whom we would call the Attorney General; but he is, nevertheless, very powerful still.

Directly below the Prefect is the Director of Police, his executive officer, with two assistants; in effect the Chief and Assistant Chiefs of Staff, so far as the Municipal force is concerned. To them the District Commissioners report. There are ten of these districts, embracing the entire Department of the Seine, of which the Prefect is in command. Their reports are made weekly; and weekly conferences of the Prefect, the Director and Assistant Directors are held, and orders are issued to the District Commissioners, and in turn to the gendarmes.

Eight of the ten districts are composed of two arrondissements, and the remaining two of one and three arrondissements respectively. The District Commissioner is required to take personal command when emergencies of sufficient importance arise in his district. Otherwise the responsibility rests upon the Arrondissement Commissioners. All of the arrondissements save three embrace within their limits several communes—outlying towns, like French editions of, say, Stapleton or Mount Vernon; but for purposes of police administration each is divided into four "quartiers." Each quartier is headed by a Commissioner, and in each is a station-house. From these Commissioners up through all ranks to the Prefect, the officers are chosen from men in civil life, with university degrees, usually in law, which prove that their education has fitted them for this line of work. Directly below these Commissioners of the Quartiers are other commissioners, one at the head of each commune.

*Headquarters of the Prefect of Police on the Boulevard du Palais.*

The functions of a commissioner are largely administrative, and the powers of all are much the same within the limits of their commands. Most of them are invested with purely judicial authority not unlike that of our own police magistrates. They can and do conduct hearings in the cases of petty offences with a saving of time, trouble and expense which appreciably increases both their own efficiency and the essential justice received by the accused.

In New York, when an arrest is made, the accused is taken to a

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police station and thence, usually the next day, to a police court which frequently is a long distance from the scene of that arrest. Perhaps, in this, as in higher courts, he may be admitted to bail, which is renewed time after time. Nevertheless, the arresting officer must appear, losing time while waiting and while in transit to and fro, while somebody else, who can very ill be spared, does his work. The French system is an excellent one.

*The Paris Horse Brigade assigned to regulate traffic at congested points in the city.*

When a case is tried by a Commissioner of Police in Paris, or its environs, it is a much simpler and more expeditious affair. Both accused and witnesses are very probably known by sight and reputation at least to the Commissioner as well as to the *gardien de la paix* who made the arrest. In most instances the matter is settled — in the vast majority of cases finally settled—and the arresting *agent* back on post, within an hour or two after the offence was committed. Bail, never common in France, is thus entirely eliminated in these cases. This certainly is a result very greatly to be desired. It obviates a vast amount of unnecessary delay.

*Division Commissioner, in full-dress.*

The uniformed officers of the Municipal police in Parisian suburbs are Chief Brigadiers—forty-six of them—and one hundred and forty Brigadiers. In Paris proper there are respectively 165 and 1,122 of these grades under 58 Chief Inspectors. Below the Brigadier is the plain cop, 10,660 of him in all, known collectively as *agents*, but distinguished in the suburbs by the title of *sergent de ville* from that of his city confrere, who is grandiloquently called a *gardien de la paix*. His rank, in either case, corresponds to that of our own patrolmen.

The Parisian method of recruiting is very like that used in our own police force. The rookie passes an examination in order to render him eligible and afterward goes through a training school which corresponds very closely with ours, with minor differences in accordance with local needs and conditions. His probationary period is one year in length. Preference is given to those who served with credit in the World War, and this service counts as police service so far as eligibility for retirement and pensions are concerned. He has no need to fear a destitute old age. It is true that he may very probably find himself unable to pass the rather stiff promotion examinations, for many of the rank and file have had but few educational advantages; but if he does his duty during his earlier years of service, he will be cared for in one way or another as long as he lives.

*Chief Inspector, in full-dress uniform.*

Having once served in the military forces of France, the patrolmen for generations have cherished the hope that they might be included in the Central Brigade. Their duties are largely in taking charge of the public cab stands and the "halles," as the great Parisian markets are called, and also to stand, armed with rifles, as sentries before the Prefecture and other official buildings. As "Vaissaux" they were known in the local slang, because of the ancient badge of Paris, a galley ("vessel") which they wore as insignia, whereas the ordinary cop displayed only his individual number and that of the district to which he was assigned. They are, moreover, the plutocrats of Parisian copdom. To them falls the police duties at theaters, racecourses and other places of amusement. The impresarios of these enterprises pay a small fee for the service of each man, and this money is divided

*A police poste building, or guard house, corresponding with our precinct station houses.*

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among the members of the Central Brigade four times each year. Tremendous swells are these Vaissaux, quite the elite of the Municipal Police, and rivalling, in their own estimation at least, even the Republican Guard.

The Republican Guard, however, is an institution in a class by itself. No mere creation of Louis XIV are they; their corps had a history centuries old when Louis was born. About the time that Columbus did his famous stunt—if he ever did do it—of setting an egg on end, this corps was originated as "The Guard of Honor for the City of Paris." Several times, during the centuries that followed, its name was changed to suit the caprice of some reigning sovereign. Again, after the last of the ancient Capet dynasty had gone to the guillotine, it was called the Municipal Guards.

When Napoleon somehow managed to rise from a lieutenancy in the field artillery to a position which enabled him to crown himself Emperor, this corps became the Imperial Constabulary, and after one more change it again assumed, in 1830, the name of Municipal Guards. In 1848 it was for the first time called the Republican Guards, but four years later it was christened The Paris Guards, only to be changed again by decree in 1870 back to the name given it in 1848, which it has since borne.

The Guards consists of a battalion of infantry and a squadron of cavalry to which, in 1907, a bicycle company was added. Its 83 officers and 2,993 enlisted men, quartered in different barracks scattered about the city, are commanded by a colonel assisted by two lieutenant-colonels, one for each of the major arms of the service included in their corps.

Its personnel is composed of soldiers, and of soldiers exclusively. Men can enter the Guards at the end of, or during their term of compulsory military service, can be transferred from active service of a subsequent enlistment or by transfer from the gendarmes, but they must be trained men, in order to be eligible, before they apply. And even then, if they are only twenty-two years old—that is the minimum age—they must serve for three years as "pupils" before they are admitted to full membership.

*Peace officer, in full-dress uniform.*

The position of this corps, from an American point of view, would seem to be somewhat anomalous. They are soldiers, trained as such both before and after enrollment therein; yet in some measure they are policemen as well. They are under the command of the Prefect of Police so far as their duties of this sort are concerned, but all that pertains to the administration of their affairs, to their discipline and promotion is controlled by the Minister of War, and by him they are assigned to purely military duties, such as guards of honor and the like.

They actually perform important police duties. They assist in maintaining order, and are empowered to prosecute violators of law; and even their more ornamental duties are of a nature which must be performed by someone and which, if not done by them, would necessarily fall as an added burden on the Municipal Police. Perhaps it would be fair to define them loosely as a species of gendarmes, whose activities are confined to the protection of high officials and at important public ceremonies.

The French gendarmes, like the Guards, are in a class by themselves. They are not, strictly speaking, a part of the Parisian uniformed police; yet even the most superficial description of forces at the Prefect's command would be incomplete without considering the Gendarmerie in that connection.

(*Continued on page* 68)

*Director of the Municipal Police.*

*Police Corporal in regular uniform.*

*A Division Commissioner.*

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# *The* Incident *of the* MISSING RING

*What Happened When a Detective Was Summoned to a Great Hotel in New York in the Wee Small Hours*

*By* Thomas F. R. McGuire

*Patrolman, Forty-third Precinct, Manhattan*

ABOUT three o'clock in the morning one day in late July the desk lieutenant received a telephone call from one of the leading New York hotels asking that a detective be sent there without delay. A lady's damond ring valued at $1,275 had been stolen from her dressing-table and no one had left the room since the ring had last been seen there.

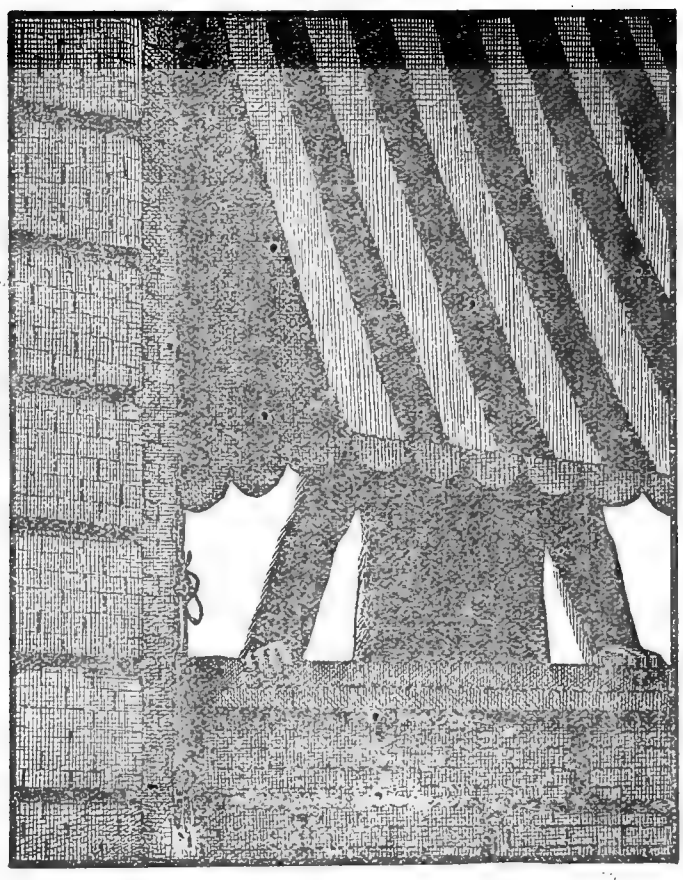
Arriving at the hotel, I was ushered to the room where the theft had been committed. I found two house-detectives present. They were looking wise and puffing expensive cigars. In the room with them was a former Captain in the British Military Intelligence Service, who had, a few hours previously, been married and had just returned with his bride from a party given in their honor. The bridesmaid was a cashier in one of the Madison Avenue tea rooms, and the best-man a respectable merchant, who had formed an acquaintance with the pretty cashier, who, he said, was soon to become his wife.

I questioned Captain L—— and his wife and the latter stated that she had last seen her ring three hours before. She did not suspect anyone and did not know just how the ring had disappeared. Both Captain L—— and his bride were quite sure that neither Mr. R—— nor Miss W—— had taken the ring. But they asked that a full investigation be made. Upon questioning Miss W—— I noticed that she seemed uneasy under my probing.

When I told Mrs. L—— that I suspected her bridesmaid and insisted on her arrest and a search of her person, I was told that consent to such an action would not be given. I then said that I intended to start an immediate search of the entire suite of rooms. One of the house-detectives intervened at this point with: "Young fellow, we did that long ago." I replied: "How about getting the plumber up and searching the drains in the bathroom." "Oh," said the other hotel detective, "We are ahead of you, officer, here comes the plumber now."

The door opened and the plumber went to work on the drains to see if possibly the ring had fallen down accidently or been thrown down to avoid detection. This proved futile. Disappointed at my efforts in failing to accomplish anything toward the recovery of the ring, I walked to the open window where Miss W—— had been sitting. Her position was about three feet from the casement. Her white ermine cape was thrown carelessly over her shoulders and she was calmly reading a book, now and then looking up and smiling at the rest of us.

I started to feel around the window ledge when the hotel detective exclaimed: "Son, I have looked all over



*"I noticed that the window had an awning and its ropes were dangling down."*

that place." I noticed that the window had an awning and its ropes were dangling down almost three feet below the ledge. Picking up these cords I found on the end of one of the ropes tied in a knot—the missing ring. I untied it and placed it on my finger. Then one of the detectives, who was unaware of my discovery, and who had become quite impatient by now, said: "Say, officer, we've wasted all night here. We've been here three hours. It's no use. You can't do any more than Bill and I have done. Better get the description of the ring and go. It may be pawned sometime later." They were giving me the "raspberry." I would not, perhaps, have enjoyed their repartee so much had it not been for the fact that I had been successful where they had failed utterly.

I smiled at them and finally said: "Well, boys, perhaps you did a lot of things in your three hours' search but you seem to have overlooked the main thing." They jumped toward me thinking they were going to get into a discussion about something they had omitted to do. They looked worried. I pulled the ring from my little finger and gave it to Mrs. Captain L——, who nearly fainted with joy.

Of course, my detective friends were interested in knowing just where I found the ring and when I told them they said profane things under their breaths and hurriedly left the room. The Newlyweds refused to make a complaint. They had all been imbibing pretty freely. They were leaving New York early the next day, they told me, and did not care about having the bother of appearing in court.

Knowing myself what it is to be on a honeymoon, I said "Good morning" and left them to proceed on their way to their new home in California.

I suppose there's a moral to this tale, and if there is, it must be: "Don't take anything for granted."



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# Congested Manhattan

ALTHOUGH the number of motor vehicles registered in New York City increased more than 60,000, there were fewer persons killed the first six months of this year than in the same period last year, according to the latest report of Barron Collier, Special Deputy Police Commissioner, in charge of the Safety Bureau in the New York Department. The number of motor vehicles registered in the city was 377,666 July 1st this year and 317,362 a year ago.

"Placed in an unbroken line, 30 feet to a car, the 60,204 automobiles added to the city's dense traffic this year would make a parade 340 miles long," states Commissioner Collier in emphasizing the difficulty encountered by the Bureau of Public Safety in its effort to cut down accidents. In the first half of 1923 the number of deaths in street accidents was 479 and in 1924 it was 466.

"In the first half of last year 15 persons were killed per 10,000 registered vehicles in the city, while this year but 12 were killed," the report declared. *"This means that* 103 *human beings were saved from death by continuous and co-operative safety effort. Likewise* 1,414 *persons were saved from non-fatal injury."*

"The population of the city is increasing even faster than the number of automobiles and the problem of safety in the streets becomes increasingly difficult to solve. Authority for the police to regulate pedestrians and compel them to cross streets at proper crossings, coupled with more severe penalties for reckless driving, are measures needed to bring about greater safety."

The report shows that 130 persons were killed while crossing streets away from proper crossings, while only 82 were killed while crossing streets at crossings.

"It is obvious," says Commissioner Collier, "this so-called 'jay-walking' is a dangerous and unnecessary practice. It is encouraging, however, that our efforts to educate people not to indulge in this practice is bearing fruit. During the year ended December 31st, 357 persons were killed while crossing streets away from crossings and 170 were killed at crossings. This proves that pedestrians as well as automobiles need to be regulated and that under present conditions safe walking rules are necessary as well as safe driving rules."

Some of the more frequent causes of deaths in street accidents in the six months report are the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| Crossing streets not at crossing | 130 |
| Crossing streets at crossing | 82 |
| Boarding or alighting from vehicles in motion | 7 |
| Walking in roadway | 7 |
| Bicycle riding | 11 |
| Running off sidewalk suddenly | 35 |
| Auto jumping curb | 11 |
| Playing games in the roadway | 26 |
| Falling from vehicles | 5 |
| Stealing rides | 7 |
| Roller skating and coasting in the roadway | 3 |
| Collision of vehicles | 33 |
| Vehicles colliding with poles, trees, etc | 17 |
| Vehicles falling over embankments | 5 |
| Vehicles overturning | 4 |
| Other causes not specified | 83 |
| Total | 476 |

# Why I Like Policemen

## *A Symposium by Noted Americans*

### A Great College Professor Numbers Policemen Among His Friends

*By* David Starr Jordan

PERSONALLY I have had comparatively little experience with policemen, though I have met a good many and have had friendly discourse with them in this and various other countries.

As a matter of fact I have never had any unpleasant relations of any kind. I have always found them courteous and obliging and trying to do their very best.

My impression of the traffic policemen, as seen in our great cities, is extremely favorable. These young men show great cleverness in dealing with the intricate problems often and very suddenly presented before them.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

*Stanford University*
*Paloalto, Calif.*

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### The Democratic Presidential Nominee Pays His Respects to the Cops

*By* John W. Davis

I AM glad indeed to send to the POLICE MAGAZINE the slight commendation which time permits, of my deep admiration of the work of the policeman.

There would seem to be almost no instrument of government which functions more quietly or efficiently, or which adds more to the welfare and happiness of our citizens.

I frequently doubt whether or not the average citizen realizes how great a part the policeman plays in the life of our nation because of the very unobtrusive way in which his work is accomplished.

JOHN W. DAVIS

*Springfield, Ill.*



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## "I Lean on Policemen for Information and Advice"

*By* George Ade

THEY used to say, about the old-time melodramas, that the fireman was popular because he was always rushing in to save someone and the policeman was not as much of a hero because he never appeared on the scene except to arrest someone.

If there is any lingering prejudice against the "cop's" uniform, probably it is because each one of us has a streak of outlaw in him and is more or less disposed to talk back or fight back when ordered to do something.

In my opinion the policeman will always be a friend if you go at him right. Wherever I go I lean on policemen for information and advice. Go up to a policeman and show him some respect—the respect which is due him as an officer of the law. Address him pleasantly as "Officer." You needn't humble yourself before him. Simply don't patronize him or treat him as an inferior. Tell him, in as few words as possible, what you need in the way of help and he will always be glad to help you.

That has been my experience. I never found a policeman who was gruff or impolite when he was approached with due courtesy.

GEORGE ADE

*Brook, Indiana*

## Our Former Ambassador to Italy Has a New Angle on "Bulls"

*By* Richard Washburn Child

OTHERS may lay tribute to the policeman's bravery, his hardships, the devotion to duty of the overwhelming majority of his fraternity. I will not hit that nail on the head again.

My contact with the "bulls", harness and unharnessed, has been not as a victim of the Arm, nor as a suppliant for its assistance. But I have had a host of friends on the force.

I give tribute to the policeman as a philosopher, as a keen observer, as one who must know his mankind and probably have a regard for it, in the main tolerant, understanding and affectionate, without sentimentalism.

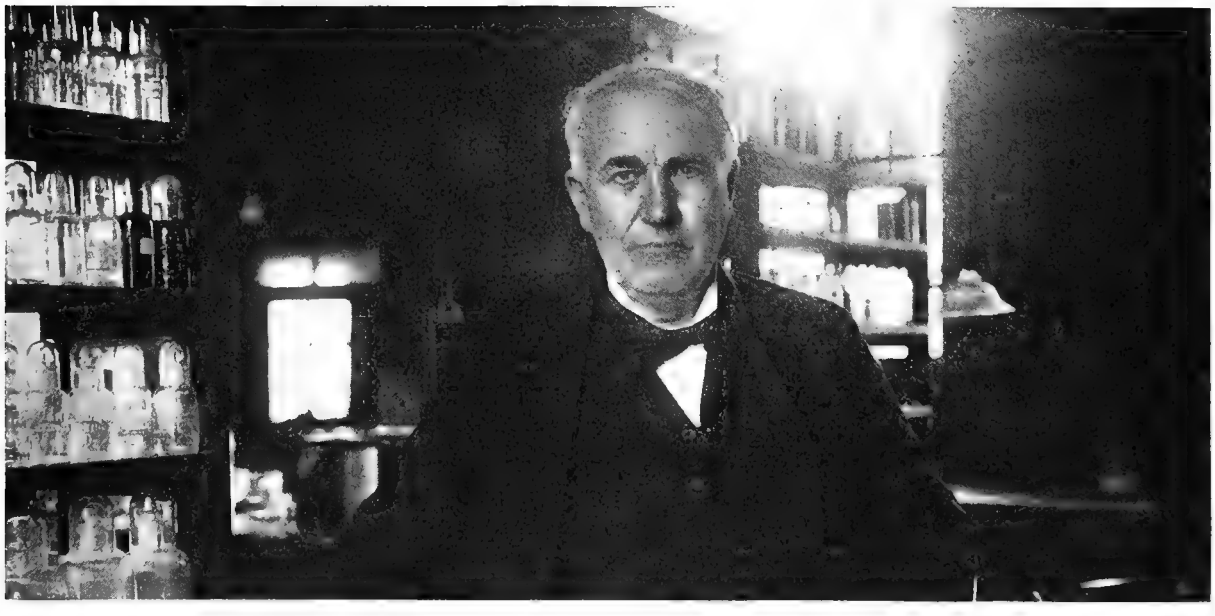
The best policeman, whatever his rank or type of service, has to know us all, and I like men who know us all. Such men know when to laugh and when to shut a firm jaw. They have learned to regard mankind with the viewpoint of detachment and a measure of Olympic calm.

What a tremendous factor in education and culture is that often underated quality!

What an assurance it gives of adequate restraint without the loss of convincing authority!

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

*New York City*



## Thomas A. Edison's Word of Praise

THE American policeman is part of our civilization. Without him we would have anarchy, burning, killing and the wild mob. He faces the dangerous gunman without a quiver, and deserves our gratitude and admiration.

*Orange, N. J.* THOMAS A. EDISON

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# WANTE

## A Dramatic Sketc

*By* Perrito

*Illustrated b*

CHARACTERS

DORA DOVE. Telegraph operator and ticket-agent in office of railroad station at Loneville, N. Y.

"UNCLE BILLY" DAVIS. A superannuated baggage-and-station-master.

AN OLD WOMAN. Waiting to board train for New York.

THOMAS (*alias* "SKIP" HAGGARD). Escaped murderer from Sing Sing Prison.

A COUNTRY POLICEMAN. In at the finish.

CHARLIE CAMERON. "A Lover" with a limited vocabulary.

THE AUTHOR. Reserves all rights to tell about himself.

SCENE. Interior of the shabby little waiting-room of the railroad station at Loneville. At left-center a door leads to the train platform. At the right is a window through which the snow is seen heavily falling. In the centre at back of stage is the built-in office of the ticket-agent. There is the usual paraphernalia—ticket-racks, old guide books, telephone and telegraph instruments—all visible through the wire grating of office window. An open doorway at left gives access to the baggage-room. On the wall at left is a large poster, with the portrait of a man and the announcement: "$1,000 Reward for Information leading to the arrest of Thomas (*alias* 'Skip') Haggard, escaped murderer from Sing Sing Prison." At extreme right a movable bench extends along the wall. An old-fashioned "base burner" stove stands down stage at right center. A coal bin is against the wall at the left.

The wind is howling outside and the telegraph instrument is busily clicking. The room is lit by a single large oil-lamp, with circular horizontal reflector, suspended from the middle of ceiling, and one sickly gas-jet within the ticket office.



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# for MURDER

## with a Sequel

Maxwell

*Beaumont Fairbank*

TIME. The present. About nine o'clock on a stormy February night.

The curtain rises with Dora seen through the office grating working the telegraph transmitter. She is neat, trim, pretty and business-like, but obviously annoyed at something. An old woman traveler is sound asleep on the bench at right and is using her brand-new suitcase for a footstool. She is dressed in rusty black and her bonnet has fallen forward over her eyes.

"UNCLE BILLY" DAVIS. [*Tumbling in through the platform door with a rush of wind and snow and swathed to the eyes in a big, woolen muffler, and wearing a ragged fur cap and ear-muffs. He stands against the shut door, breathing hard.*] Wow! By golly, Miss Dove, thought I'd never make it! I'll be hornswoggled ef I didn't purty near peter out afore I got half way up ther hill. I never see sich er night since ther blizzard uv eighty-eight. [*Moving forward, and dusting snow from his clothes.*] I wouldn't hev come back at all ef it weren't fer you up here all alone—an' this gol-dinged old stove. [*Stooping to look at fire.*] An' she's purty near gone out at that. [*Stands in front of stove and unwinds interminable yards of muffler, from around his neck and body.*] How you ever goin' ter git home in this storm, Miss Dove?

DORA. [*Still working at telegraph instrument.*] Eh? Get home? Oh, don't you worry about me, Uncle Billy. I'll get home—somehow.

UNCLE BILLY. Well, yer won't do it in no wagon nor automobilly, either. Ain't nothin' on wheels thet kin climb ther mounting this 'ere night. Guess yer'll hev ter sleep on ther coal-bin. What erbout yer supper?

DORA. Been too busy to think about eating, Uncle Billy. [*To herself.*] Darn the luck!

UNCLE BILLY. [*Peering at Dora.*] What's troublin' yer, Miss Dove?

DORA. I've been trying for the last half hour to get the station operator at Hickstown and not a peep out of



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him. I'll bet a dollar that simp Charlie Cameron is asleep at the switch or gone home between trains!

UNCLE BILLY. I never heerd yer call Cameron er simp before. Thought him an' you wuz kinder sweet on one another. . . .

DORA. [*Sharply.*] Don't butt in, Uncle Billy. My affairs are *my* affairs, you know.

UNCLE BILLY. Oh, no offense meant, Miss Dove. But I reckon yer needn't waste no more time tryin' ter git Hickstown er any other ole town hereabouts ternight.

DORA. Why, what do you mean?

UNCLE BILLY. I guess it's more'n likely all ther wires is down. I seen two telegraft poles lyin' flat on ther backs as I came erlong.

DORA. Good Lord, Uncle Billy, is it as bad as that?

UNCLE BILLY. It's er whole lot worse. Why, I'm tryin' ter tell yer ther ain't bin no sich convulsionin' uv nature since the big blizzard thirty-six year ago. Yer can't see no turnpike nor railroad tracks nor nothin' anywheres. I reckon there's more'n four foot uv snow over everythin' an' prob'bly ernother four foot ter come. Had ter shovel my way outer my front door ter get started here. But ther won't be no shovelin' back agin this ding-blamed night, I tell yer.

DORA. [*Thoughtfully.*] I guess it *is* a pretty serious business all right. [*Looking at wrist watch.*] Sweet daddy! The eight-thirty-five is twenty-nine minutes late!

UNCLE BILLY. She'll be lucky ef she ain't twenty-nine hours late!

[*He goes to coal-bin, throws open cover with a bang, takes out coal-scuttle and begins to shovel noisily. The Old Woman on opposite side of room wakes suddenly, sits up with a start, and stares about her in bewilderment. Uncle Billy comes toward stove with scuttle of coal and notices Old Woman for the first time. He nearly drops scuttle, but quickly recovers his self-possession.*] Good evenin', mum. Purty bad weather ter be travelin' in, ain't it? Guess yer in fer a long wait, Mum, ef yer bound fer Noo York.

OLD WOMAN. [*Crustily.*] When's the train goin' to get here? [*As Uncle Billy hesitates.*]

OLD WOMAN. Well, what about it? [*She stands up.*] Say, are you deaf and dumb?

UNCLE BILLY. [*Offended.*] I reckon yer'd better ask ther young lady there. I ain't no Bullinger's Guide ef I *am* deef an' dumb. [*He slams the scuttleful of coal through the top of stove.*]

DORA. [*Looking out through office window and speaking under her breath.*] Gee, I clean forgot the old party! [*Louder, and very sweetly.*] The New York train's half an hour late, Madam. Been stalled by the snow. But it ought to be along almost any minute now. Won't you make yourself comfortable and sit nearer the fire? [*To Uncle Billy.*] Please draw the bench over to the stove for the lady, Mr. Davis, will you?

UNCLE BILLY. [*Sullenly moving toward the seat.*] Oh, certainly, Miss Dove, ef *you* say so. [*As he stoops to lift the bench, the Old Woman gives him a rough push and picking up the seat, carries it herself over to stove and bangs it down.*]

OLD WOMAN. Want to break your damned back doing circus stunts at your time of life? [*Laughs.*]

UNCLE BILLY. [*Huffed.*] My back's my own, Mum, an' ef I choose ter bust it, thet's my lookout. An' anyway, you ain't got no right ter move around ther furniture uv this 'ere station. This is railroad property, an' I'm *responsible* to ther company, I am.

OLD WOMAN. Oh, run a long, you old Hostetter's almanac! On your way! Beat it! D'you hear me? Beat it, I said. Don't you know the English language? [*As Uncle Billy stands transfixed with astonishment.*] I'm not handing you no joke, neither. Get me? I'll give you two minutes to put on your duds and tumble out of here. Now git!

DORA. [*Coming out from her office.*] Here, who do you think you are? What do you mean by acting this way? What kind of a crazy old female are you, anyway? You can't order railroad officials around as if they were office boys.

UNCLE BILLY. [*Perking up.*] Well, I reckon not, so long's William Davis is on the job.

OLD WOMAN. [*To Dora.*] Say, I'll explain all that's necessary for *you* to know, Miss, when I get this old geezer out of the way. [*To Uncle Billy.*] You've got thirty seconds to drape yourself and make a sneak. Get me?

UNCLE BILLY. I ain't er goin' ter be bluffed by no fool woman an' thet goes double fer you, yer old She-crank! You'd better sit down an' take things easy til ther train arrives. [*To Dora, pointing to his forehead.*] Off her nut!

OLD WOMAN. That's about all out of you! [*She grabs Uncle Billy, who feebly attempts to defend himself, but with a quick pass, the old woman lands a blow on the jaw and Uncle Billy goes down and out.*]

DORA. [*Screaming.*] My God, woman! What have you done? Why did you do that? I believe you've killed him. What kind of a creature are you? [*Pause.*] Good God, I believe you *are* a lunatic.

OLD WOMAN. Don't you run away with no such idea, little one. I'm not crazy—but you've got to help me get away from here—quick. What about that train? Will it come through tonight? What do they say about it down the line?

DORA. Don't you know all traffic is held up by the blizzard? I couldn't get the train through for you if you were Mrs. Coolidge.

OLD WOMAN. Now don't *you* try to be funny, too. You get busy with that clicker of yours. Telegraph the livery stable or garage at Hickstown to send up a hack or a car or something right away. Tell 'em it's worth a ten-spot, if they get here quick.

DORA. I tell you I can't! I've been trying all evening to get in touch with Hickstown. The wires are all down.

OLD WOMAN. Do you expect me to believe that?

DORA. [*Flushing.*] I don't care what you believe. Take the key and try for yourself.

OLD WOMAN. You're foxy, ain't you? If I knew how to telegraph, I wouldn't waste my time coaxing you to help me. [*Noticing telephone on office wall.*] Here, never mind telegraphing. I'll use that 'phone.

DORA. [*Stepping aside.*] Go right ahead. Help yourself. You ought to know that if the telegraph wires are down, the telephone wires go down with them.

OLD WOMAN. [*At telephone.*] Hello! Hello! Hello! . . .

DORA. You'll soon get tired of talking to yourself.

OLD WOMAN. Cut that funny stuff. [*In telephone.*] Hello! Hello! Hello! . . . Oh, damn it. [*Hangs up receiver.*] You young fool! Do you think I'll stand for this kind of stalling? You might as well know now as later—I'm no old woman.

DORA. You're certainly no lady.

OLD WOMAN. Your kidding will get you in wrong some day, babe. Now listen to me. I've got to get away from here, if you have to burn out that bunch of buzz

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machinery. [*Pause.*] Do you see that poster over there?

DORA. [*Her eyes following the direction of the Old Woman's pointing finger.*] There isn't anything else in the room to see. Pretty, ain't it? I helped put it up. Is he your husband?

OLD WOMAN. No, you fresh little flapper! *That's me!*

DORA. [*Becoming frightened and speaking weakly.*] I guess I haven't got the right answer to your riddle—yet.

OLD WOMAN. [*Removing bonnet and false wig.*] Well, will this help you any?

DORA. [*Recognizing the escaped convict.*] God! [*Recovering.*] What do you want me to do?

"SKIP" HAGGARD. Just you be a nice, sensible dame. I'm not going to hurt you, kid, unless you refuse to help me get away.

DORA. [*Much alarmed.*] Oh, go ahead. I'll do anything you say. What do you want me to do first?

HAGGARD. Get through on the wire somehow to Hickstown and *make* them send up a wagon or auto—anything that can carry me away from here and get me across the river before morning. Now, git busy!

DORA. But it's God's truth, M-M-Mister Skip, about the wires being down between here and Hickstown.

HAGGARD. Well, what about telegraphing to some other town? What about Richville?

DORA. I'll try. [*She works telegraph instrument.*]

HAGGARD. Anything doin'?

DORA. Please don't speak. [*Pause. Business of telegraphing.*]

HAGGARD. Well? [*Pause. Dora works the keys.*]

DORA. Yes, they're answering. Here's Richville. [*Considerable clicking of instrument.*]

HAGGARD. [*Suspiciously.*] Who yer talking with there?

DORA. Why, the operator in the railroad station, of course.

HAGGARD. All right. Ask him to send some kind of a bus back here to take home er old lady who's sick in the waitin'-room. Tell him it's worth twenty bones for himself and a five for the driver if he gets a car or a wagon here right away. Tell him it's a life and death case. [*The keys click away.*]

DORA. He says he couldn't reach anyone in the garage over there if I offered him a thousand.

HAGGARD. Tell him it's yer mother and she's dyin'. [*Dora works feverishly.*]

DORA. He says he'd do anything to help me, but neither a horse and wagon nor an automobile could get half a mile up the mountain in this snow.

HAGGARD. Damn it! Tell him to connect up with some stable guy or a flivver owner near here.

[*More telegraphing.*]

DORA. He says the best he can do is to rush a relay message by way of Newburgh and get word back to Hickstown.

HAGGARD. Dat's talkin'. Now tell him to get a move on and the price will be fifty bucks for de job.

DORA. [*Dora sends the message and receives one in return.*] He says he's got through to Hickstown. They're sending the station porter over to Thompson's stable.

HAGGARD. [*Roughly.*] Say, kid—it seems ter me it takes a whole lot of words just to send a little message over them wires. You're not double-crossin' me, are you? I'm not nice when I'm up against it. I'd hate to wring your pretty little neck for you.

DORA. [*Turning on him fiercely.*] Say, do you think I like your company so much that I'm killing time just to keep you by my side?

HAGGARD. Oh, cut the conversation! What about the wagon from Hickstown?

DORA. [*Receiving.*] The Richville agent says the Hickstown operator reports that Thompson has started for here with a team of strong horses and a box-sleigh. He says Thompson will hold out for cash in advance, though.

HAGGARD. He'll get his money all right. Money's the least of my worries now. And listen, kid, you want to keep your mouth shut when that Thompson feller gets here. I don't care who I hurt when I get in a corner and nobody ain't goin' ter take me back alive to Sing Sing. That's a cinch. Yes, I've got a gun, all right.

DORA. If you knew how anxious I am to see you on your way, you wouldn't talk about my trying to prevent you.

HAGGARD. [*Studying Dora.*] I guess you're on the level, kid. You've got your nerve with you, too. Most skirts in your place would have thrown a fit when they saw the headgear come off. *Now,* what's de matter? [*Dora puts her hand to her forehead, sways a little and falls forward in a dead faint.*] God! The little fool's passed out. [*He reaches down in his dress pocket and brings out a flask, pulls cork and forces some whiskey between Dora's teeth as he holds her in his arms. She is a dead weight. As she slowly revives, Haggard fans her face with his old bonnet. As he is doing this the sound of a driver urging his horses through the snow is heard off stage. Haggard is trying to shift the girl in his arms when the door is suddenly flung open and a policeman and Charley Cameron rush into the room. The officer covers Haggard with a gun, at close quarters.*]

OFFICER. [*Taking handcuffs out of his coat pocket.*] Put the bracelets on him, Charlie. [*To Haggard.*] I guess they'll be glad to see you at the dinner-table down at the big camp tomorrow night, Skip. [*Business.*]

CAMERON. [*To Haggard.*] Don't squirm. Now then, let go of that girl. [*Takes Dora in his arms.*]

OFFICER. [*To Haggard.*] Come out of here, you! [*To Cameron.*] Just a minute, Charlie, give us a hand. [*Cameron lays Dora tenderly back in her chair.*] Frisk him, will yer? [*As Cameron brings forth pistol.*] I thought so. Now then, Skip, no funny business. Turn your back. [*Haggard obeys sullenly.*]

CAMERON. [*Going back to Dora and putting his arms around her, as she begins to recognize her surroundings.*] You brave little darling!

DORA. [*Sitting up.*] Oh, Charlie! Charlie! I'm so glad! Did he get away?

CAMERON. [*Pointing to Skip and Policeman.*] Look at that.

OFFICER. [*To Haggard, as he notices the stiff form of Uncle Billy lying on the floor.*] By God! So you've got another murder to your credit, have ye?

HAGGARD. Don't youse worry about that guy. There won't be anything worse than a headache for his when he comes 'round.

DORA. [*Clinging to Cameron as they come down stage.*] I'm so tired, Charlie. Please take me away from here.

CAMERON. [*Gathering Dora in his arms.*] I want to take you away from here, my darling, forever—for keeps. Will you go with me?

DORA. [*Putting her arms around his neck.*] I'll go anywhere with you, Charlie dear—and for keeps.

(*Continued on page* 64)

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# The Jewel Thief's Boomerang

*How a Trusted Servant Was Discovered as the Perpetrator of a Robbery Through His Disguised Handwriting*


## *By* Ralph Micelli

*Lieutenant, New York Police Department*


THE Mystery of the Parcel Post Diamonds began the instant that a clerk in the Police Commissioner's office opened a little packet that had come by mail that morning. From its plebeian brown paper wrappings tumbled several rings and a pair of earrings—all set with precious stones and two of them containing fine blazing center jewels that fairly cried out their aristocratic descent. A fortune lay in the hollow of the mail-clerk's hand.

Everything from bombs to letters of praise for the department reaches this letter opener's hands from time to time, so he is beyond surprise. He is, however, capable of being puzzled. And in this case he was more than that; he was bewildered. There were jewels enough for a king's ransom, a minor king's let us say, but not a word to tell their ownership. The wrapper bore no name of sender, only the address.

The clerk studied over this peculiar thing; could it be that the gems had been sent by mistake? He went over the brown butcher's wrapping-paper that had formed the outside of the package with minute care and this time he found a relief for his perplexity. On the coarse paper in one place was scribbled: "I toke from Auto 42 St Sat."

So that was it, a conscience-stricken thief was returning his loot. The mail-clerk reported his find to the Chief Clerk and that official promptly sent the treasure to the Detective Division. There the beautiful jewels left the officials in more of a quandary that even the clerk had been. They had stolen jewels worth several thousands of dollars, but no clue to the owner. There had been no "squeal," otherwise complaint, of the theft of any such articles. Needless to say how often the thing is just the other way about; the ownership known, but no clue to the jewels.

Two days the gems were held awaiting the expected complaint. When none came the Inspector began on his own account to attack this reverse-action mystery. I was then a specialist in handwriting and typewriting in the Detective Division and the Chief called me in to see what I could make of the writing on the parcel; it had, of course, been carefully preserved. There wasn't enough of the writing to work on without other clues, so I proposed that we identify the jewels and thus work our way through the peculiar affair. It did not take long, by the employment of a card index we maintain, for me to learn that the rings had been manufactured by a jewelry concern that we will call the D——— Co. I quickly learned from its men that these particular pieces had been sold several years before to the Van Lufts (this name will have to do for that of one of the most successful of our New York cotton factors.) I hurried to Mr. Van Luft, thinking I must be carrying good news. Instead—

He looked at me queerly when I told the story and asked:

"Who has kept the rest of the jewels?"

I didn't like that attitude and I was frank about it: "Here I come bringing you in jewels that haven't even been reported stolen and you turn on me with that kind of a question. Is that fair?"

He gave a minute to thought: "Hasn't he really reported the theft?" he asked. Puzzled I now had to resort to questioning.

"Hasn't who reported it?"

"Why, my son-in-law, Alstyne." He gave the name of one of our greatest private bankers, who for reasons that concern a later feature of the case will be known under the "alias" given here.

The whole story now came out. The gems in my possession, and they remained there as prospective evidence in the case, were part of Mr. Van Luft's daughter's collection and she was Mrs. Alstyne. These and many other pieces with a total value of $15,000 had vanished somewhere near Portchester in the course of the Alstyne family's migration to their summer home, which was in one of the several artists' colonies just over the Connecticut line. After condemning his son-in-law for not having reported the case, as Mr. Van Luft had supposed he had, to the New York Department, Mr. Van Luft came around to the point where he actually commended our action in hunting him out from the slender clue we had. He ended by telephoning the Inspector and asking that I be sent to Portchester to see his son-in-law and, if possible, trace the theft.

THE scene changes to the Alstyne place near Old Lyme where, two days before, the twin daughters of the house had been dressing for a house-warming that was to mark their return to the country place. The girls had induced their mother to let them get her jewel case out of the safety-deposit box in New York to the end that they might adorn themselves for the party. As they dressed they were animatedly disputing as to which of them should have the privilege of wearing a fine lavalliere of diamonds and sapphires, a family heirloom and much prized. In her desire to show how well the lavalliere would set off her own blonde beauty the elder daughter rushed to the handbag that held the jewels and turned its contents out on the dressing table.

"Frances!" was all she could cry. Stones—ordinary street pebbles were scattered over the table. They had been substituted for the prized gems. Consternation, frantic search of the handbag and a hurried call for



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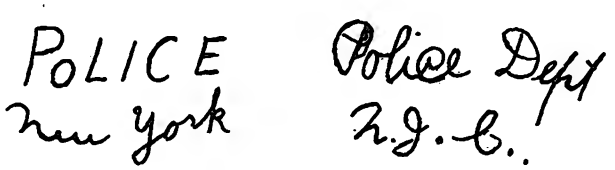
father and mother followed. All that was learned in the general interrogation that ensued—and all that was given me to work on when I reached Old Lyme—was the primal fact that the girls had come up from the city by auto, bringing the hand-bag, which they knew contained the diamonds. Having taken the gems from their chamois bags at the safety vault and wrapped them in tissue paper the girls were sure that the diamonds had started on the journey with them. With difficulty they managed to remember that they had left the car while shopping at Portchester and had left the bag on the limousine's seat.

"Why?" was the instant question.

"Why it's a limousine and Haywood was there."

"And who is Haywood?"

Here Mr. Alstyne cut in: "He's my chauffeur; been with us since the girls were tots and thoroughly reliable. He wouldn't have left the car for a minute; no thief could have gotten into it."

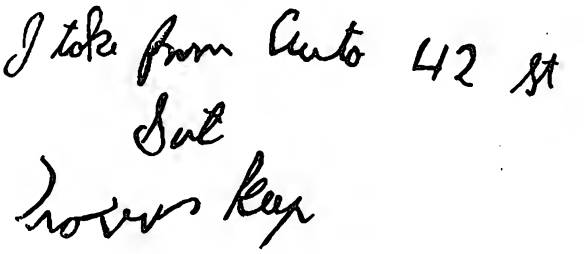



*The address on the packet of stolen jewels sent by the thief to Police Headquarters. This handwriting enabled Lieut. Micelli to trace the theft to its perpetrator*

Haywood and the other servants emphatically denied knowledge of the gems and even when I showed them that we already were in possession of part of the stolen jewelry I could not start anything. And the theft, or possibly loss, had doubtless occurred a day before its discovery. I was three days behind in my search.

I suppose that I should have gone out into the garden and smoked a cigar and there evolved a theory to fit the case, but as a matter of fact my two inspirations came to me while I was talking to the servants. It looked like an "inside job"—one done by an employe or other person with access to the jewelry. It was simply impossible to believe that a professional thief would have returned any of the jewelry. The risk would have been too great, even if he were philanthropically so inclined. And I might say that I never met a professional thief of that type.

I felt sure of one thing. Only a servant or a member of the family, or a friend—someone who for reasons of conscience or semi-loyalty to the Alstynes could not bring himself or herself to keep all of the stolen jewelry—could be the thief in this case.




*The disguised handwriting of the intelligent crook who wanted it to appear that his theft was the work of an illiterate. But he overlooked the fact that no one's penmanship can be completely disguised*

"Who in the family or from the servants' hall has been back to New York since you came up here?" was my first tentative probe in the direction of my theory. It fell absolutely flat. "No one," was Mr. Alstyne's reply.

Later when I had the master of the house alone I asked him for samples of the handwriting of every member of the family, every friend who had been near the jewels and, more especially, of every servant.

MR. ALSTYNE pooh-poohed the idea. He was so sure of everyone that he wasn't going to subject any of them to suspicion. He'd rather lose the jewels. So I had to do battle with him.

"Look here, Mr. Alstyne. You can overlook this case if you want to, and not get me the evidence I want, but can you overlook the next theft? If this thief is in your household and remains there unprosecuted, what will be his next crime! How far will he go if he finds he's let off for this one?"

"Well, maybe I had better get you some of these papers."

"You certainly should," I retorted. "We have in this wrapper and enclosure positive proof as to the criminal once we can get some other specimens of his handwriting. There is no chance of suspicion being cast on the wrong person. This handwriting proof will be enough, mark my words."

I left him after arranging to return the next day. On leaving the Grand Central I went directly to the house of Haywood, the chauffeur. I had seen him tearing up some old paper at the Connecticut house—a suspicious move at that time—and had made up my mind to investigate him anyway.

When I asked for him, his wife said he wasn't in, that he was out of town.

"Why he told me to be sure to call today, that he'd certainly be in town," said I in my guise of an old friend.

"No, he hasn't been here since Tuesday." Now Tuesday was the day on which the parcel post package had been mailed from Grand Central branch post office. And Haywood lived on Lexington avenue near Fortieth Street.

I hastened back to Old Lyme and demanded some of Haywood's writing. Mr. Alstyne refused the request as ridiculous, saying the man had been with them too long to be subject to suspicion. Also he told me Haywood had just left for the city. Back again to Lexington Avenue I traveled.

There I found Haywood, a bland, cleverly evasive personage. He knew nothing, could give me no help. When I pressed the point of his secret trip to the city on Tuesday, however, I felt his defense soften, though it did not give way. I went home disgusted; largely this was so because Mr. Alstyne had told me that I was to make no move toward an arrest without his express approval. I felt sure it was Haywood, but I was dejected with the turn of affairs, nevertheless. All this work and no arrest!

Then an unbelievable thing happened. The mail-clerk the next morning found another brown paper parcel addressed as before in rough pencil. He brought it to me and together we opened a second treasure packet. But only half of the jewels that were still missing were there. Now I knew it was Haywood, but why hadn't he returned all of his loot?

Mr. Alstyne now unwillingly turned over some of Haywood's handwriting and the merest casual comparison showed that the chauffeur had written the parcel-post addresses. Mr. Alstyne promptly dismissed the man but

(*Continued on page* 67)

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# EDITORIALS

## *New York's Traffic Problem*

TIME was when the Strand in London represented the peak of traffic congestion, but that was before the motor car came to expand man's activities and widen his scope. In the State and Madison street congestion Chicago believed it was coping with terrific density, and Atlanta has been heard to complain bitterly because local conditions forced the bulk of traffic into Peachtree street. These three instances are but symptoms of the vehicular glut that gnaws at New York's commercial vitals, where a million and a half motor cars and trucks struggle ceaselessly through the waking day for their right to passage. Crime waves may come and go—in the columns of the newspapers—but for the police of the greatest city of the Western Hemisphere the traffic is the most tremendous problem.

To essay the task of piloting a motor car from Fifty-ninth street to the Battery is to court adventure not without hazard. To succeed without frayed nerves, loss of temper or scraped fenders is to earn a niche among the saints. The problem has become of a parity with the task of squeezing a quart into a pint measure.

Within the month the police have evolved palliative measures aimed at control, but they have not succeeded in changing the relativity. Signal lights, no-parking rules, skip-stops and one-way streets have helped tremendously. Vehicles move faster, and where they move faster more can move, but it must not be forgotten that regulation is not cure. The cure lurks in the future, but the cause was nurtured in the bosom of the past.

In the early days when New York was in its swaddling clothes and placid cows wandered along the tortuous paths where now wind Pearl, Beaver and William streets, the civic planners—save the mark—saw two great arteries of travel, the Hudson and the East Rivers, bounding the island on the west and east. They could not conceive, nor could those who came after them for the next two hundred years, conceive that the bulk of traffic would move other than from river to river. There lay the docks. West lay the nation, and east the meagre population of Long Island with another great city growing up on its shore. And they built accordingly.

New York has ample cross arteries. There are over three hundred of them, and roughly they are spaced two hundred and fifty feet apart. From river to river run these streets, each of approximately seventy feet in width, with occasionally one of double width. But at its widest point the island has but sixteen north and south avenues, with but half of these running its full length. And, unfortunately for the early planners, the city grew with amazing speed to the northward and there followed the stream of traffic.

Think of it in terms of plain square yards of area. Up and down the city move a million vehicles a day, and they must proceed along eight main highways for the most part. Four of these main highways are partially obstructed by supports for elevated roads, reducing their carrying capacity by so much. None of them is over ninety feet or so from curb to curb. Add to the restriction of space the insistence of the vehicle owner that he be allowed space to park car or truck, and at once the area is reduced by twenty per cent.

To keep the maze of traffic moving the city depends on a thin blue line of a thousand or so men. This is the traffic squad under the command of Inspector Dominick Henry. If some of them have developed short tempers they have fair excuse. To stand on the open street, menaced by rushing tons of steel in the hands of every type of human driver, broiled by the sun, frozen by the cold, choked with the fumes of gas, bedevilled by the vagaries of truckman, taxi-driver, flivver-owner and the rest, is no task for human men at all, but for angels.

Deputy Police Commissioner Harriss evolved the traffic signal tower system, and Inspector Henry has developed it and carried it into effect. Within the month New York will have extended its signal system to embrace all the main arteries, and traffic will be speeded up, but the problem is not solved by signals, nor by constabulary patience, be it ever so augmented and conserved. It is a question of square feet. The solitary answer is more area, and where that area must come from is the question. Three plans have been suggested, and all three will work, but they will cost millions.

First, new longitudinal streets to be cut through between the existing avenues, now eight hundred feet apart. This means condemning property and will require years for effect. Second, constructing arcades inside the building lines, and moving the sidewalks back under these. More condemnation of property, speedier in effect, and not so costly, and third, double decking existing avenues with a steel structure, confining heavy commercial traffic to the present level and lighter vehicles to the upper deck; unsightly, and presenting grave problems of approaches from side streets.

The sole other palliation is more speed. Chicago has tried that, and while partially effective the accident record is likely to rise proportionately. In the meantime Inspector Henry has the problem under his hand, is controlling and improving it.

Were we gifted with a freer imagination we might state the solution more broadly: More street area or diversion of some traffic to the air!

---

## *What Do You Weigh?*

GLUTTONY was one of the Seven Deadly Sins. No longer regarded with such marked disfavor, it flourishes today under a cloak hardly distinguishable from that of a virtue. Few of us, even after we have been told of the evils of over-eating, take the information very seriously, or let it interfere with that extra piece of cake.

But even if they imagine they feel just as well as anybody else, the over-eaters at least do not live as long.

Life insurance statistics show that, once middle age has set in, the expectation of life diminishes steadily as the weight increases.

Even the so-called "normal" weight for height and age is too much. Those who, above 40, weigh ten per cent or more below average live the longest.

Those who are wise will stop digging their graves with their teeth.



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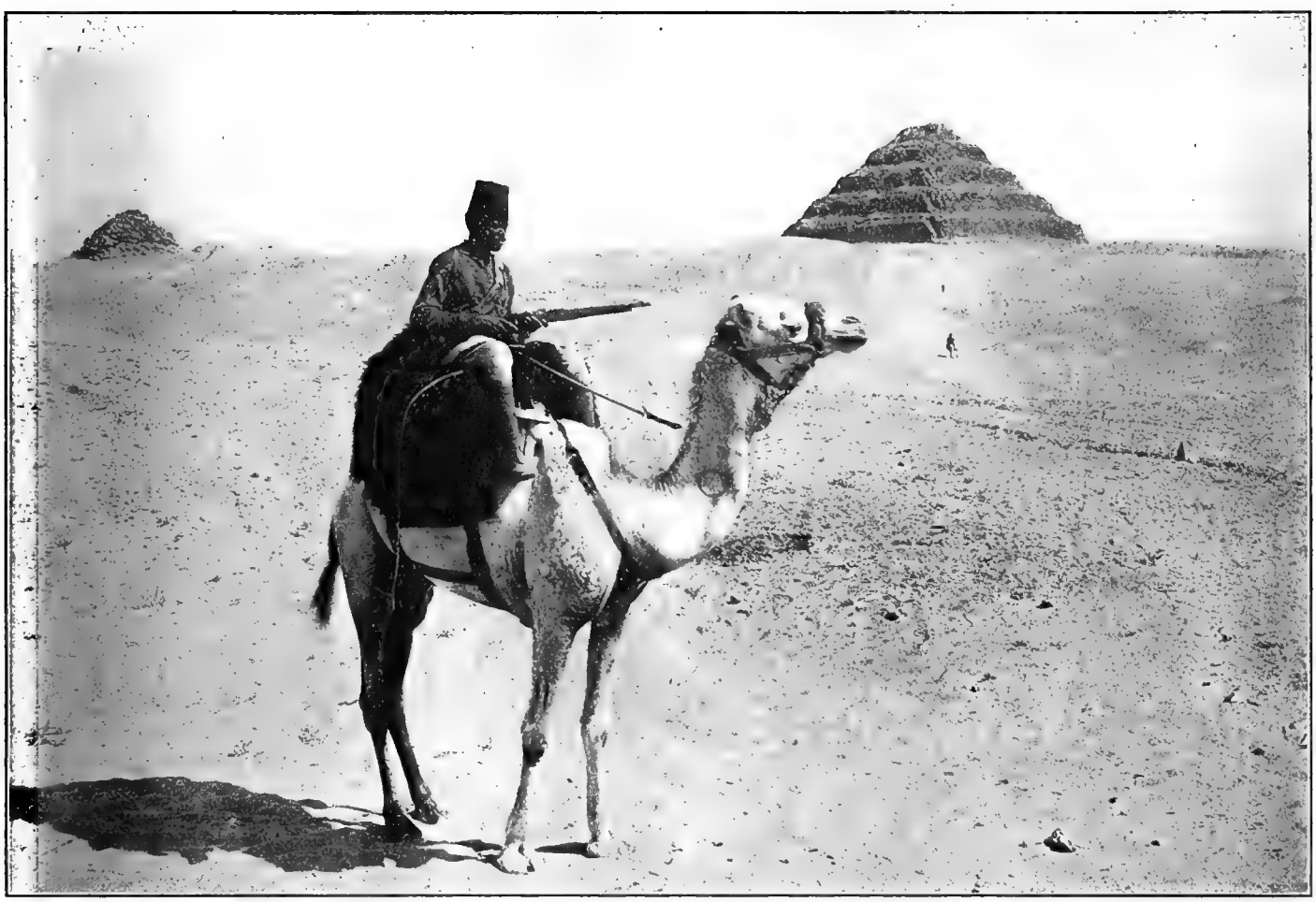

*Publishers Photo Service*

*The American policeman who thinks he has a "lonely beat" to traverse, may take heart when he sees this dark-skinned Egyptian guardian of the peace whose responsibility embraces several square miles of sandy desert, including the great step-pyramid of Sakara, where native bandits have frequently lurked to rob and murder unwary travelers.*

## *Give the Cop a Thought*

WITH this number POLICE MAGAZINE enters upon its second volume. The support we have received, both from the public and from the policemen themselves in the larger cities throughout the country, is very gratifying. We are convinced that a place exists for this periodical, even in these days when magazines of every description and character glut the newsstands and appeals for subscriptions arrive at the householder's door with every mail.

If you are a good American you must believe that the policeman is an essential factor in the present-day scheme of living, and, so believing, you will be glad to support the periodical that exists to "sell" the virtues of the cop to a too often indifferent citizenry.

From its inception this magazine has sought to show that policemen everywhere are primarily human beings, with all the goodness and all the frailty which the term implies.

Give a thought to the cop and what he stands for, and give a thought, too, to the magazine whose purpose it is to present the peace guardian as we know him to be.

The cop is your friend, your partner in the preservation of normal and healthful living conditions. Let the blue-coated fellow on your block, whose life is anything but a bed of roses, know that you are aware of his existence. He is there to help you, protect you and those you hold dear. When the unthinking slur him, take up the cudgels in his behalf. He is worthy of your consideration, your friendship, your encouragement. Remember, that in nine case out of ten, he, too, has a home, a family and—ideals. The fact that he wears a uniform and is the symbol of civic authority in no way lessens the degree of his humanness. Beneath his brass buttons breathes the man, and under his cap or helmet stir the thoughts, the emotions, the ambitions common to all of us.

Give the cop a thought!

Give his magazine a boost. Send in your personal subscription today, *now*. You will receive rich dividends in entertainment and information every month in the year. Each issue of POLICE MAGAZINE will be an improvement on the previous one. Here is an investment, and an opportunity to learn real facts about the greatest official body of men in all the world—the police.

## *Christmas Is Coming!*

THE season of good cheer and gift giving is near at hand and with it will come plans for making others happy through the presentation of some tangible token of remembrance. That is the problem of the season. Why not send your policeman friend POLICE MAGAZINE for a year? There is a happy thought, perhaps a brand new idea for you. The Christmas number will be a big one, packed with entertainment and information, a physically beautiful product and a reminder which, twelve times a year, will tell the cop you are his friend.



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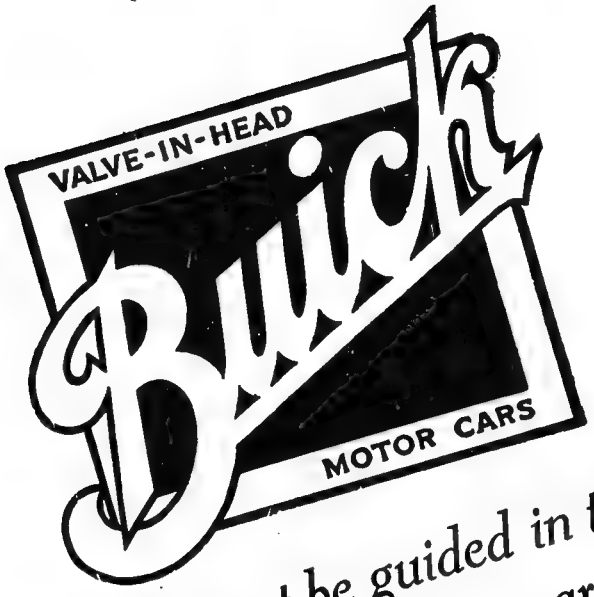


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# Who Stole the Government's Secrets?

(*Continued from page 7*)

"Indeed?" commented Janvrin. "Yet I just observed the young lady in hat and coat pass along the verandah there at the rear."

"She is going to take her daily walk in the garden," said the Secretary quietly. "If you wish you will doubtless be able to see my nephew and the lady on the paths. I am perhaps not wrong when I say that under the circumstances they regard this enforced seclusion as an admirable provision of Providence."

I JOINED Janvrin at the window and watched the pair through the curtains. There was no denying their interest in each other, and they were well suited. Her tall, dark and imperious beauty matched well with Desmond's clean-cut, Saxon fairness. He was more or less of a figure socially.

They walked up and down, her hand lying within his arm. I watched them for perhaps five minutes, and I could see nothing but a pair of lovers interested in themselves to the practical exclusion of even international affairs, save that now and then she glanced somewhat anxiously toward the house.

When we left Mr. Graham an hour later, it had been arranged that we were to dine with him the following evening, *en famille*.

"For," said he, "I can see that for some reason your suspicions have centred in two people for whose welfare I have the greatest care, and I feel it is my duty to give you the opportunity to see how baseless such suspicions are."

"A suspicion is only baseless when it has been proved to be impossible, sir," replied Janvrin. "To correct you, I have as yet directed no suspicions whatever, but am making inquiries, and these have taken fully as great cognizance of yourself as any of your employees."

Arrived at our hotel the first thing Janvrin did was to ask for a telephone number, and when communication had been established he wasted no time in greetings but asked a question.

"Can you come around to the Willard in ten minutes, Granger?" he asked. "Yes. Something quite interesting. Thanks."

He then proceeded to unpack his bag. By the time I had my kit bestowed there was a knock at the door, and in response to Janvrin's summons a tall, well-built man entered the room.

"This is Mr. Granger, Frederic," said Janvrin. "My co-laborer, Mr. Burnham, Granger," he went on. "Granger is at the top of the Secret Service," he continued turning to me. I shook hands.

"I've been calling on Secretary Graham, Granger," said Janvrin when the latter had seated himself. "He tells me some of your men have been making an inquiry for him."

"Trying to," was the brusque reply. "In the absence of any definite idea they found themselves up against it. They were told someone was leaking information and asked to find out who it was."

"Without much result, eh?"

"Without any," was the reply.

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"Just what was done?"

"Are you engaged on the case?" was the return, and Janvrin nodded.

"I've promised to see what I can do," he admitted. "But I've guaranteed no results."

The Secret Service man grunted disparagingly.

"It's hard to do anything for a man who won't give you his confidence," he said. "We began to watch Desmond and the stenographer. Twenty-four hours a day for four days I've kept them under surveillance. As a result, if they're communicating with anyone on the outside they're doing it by a private wireless."

"Can I count on your help if I need it?" asked Janvrin.

"Of course," was the reply. "I hope I'm big enough for that."

"To begin with then, if you'll let me have a copy of your reports——"

"I brought them with me," said Granger quietly pulling out a blue linen envelope. Janvrin took it and ran through the contents swiftly, and then dropped it in a drawer.

"No matter," he muttered to himself, then turned to his visitor. "You say everyone has been watched?"

"There are seven servants in the house," was the reply. "The butler does the purchasing of supplies personaly. The others have the usual duties, but few that take them outside the house. Those that have gone out have been trailed back and forth. There's nothing in them. Again, if anyone has been sending out information, it has been wirelessed."

"How about the telephone?" asked Janvrin, and Granger smiled.

"I've had that tapped and supervised continually," he said.

Janvrin turned to me.

"What chance have we independent, unofficial investigators, Frederic?" he cried. "You and I would land in jail if we tried tapping the private telephone of the Secretary of State." He smiled as if in genial reproof at such methods, and turned again to Granger. "Do you place a tall man, stoop-shouldered, limps in the left leg, and wears a black moustache and imperial?" he asked.

"No. He's not in my mental card index," replied the Secret Service man. "Why?"

"I've seen such a man," was the noncommittal answer. We talked for another half hour and Granger rose to go.

"I hope to heaven you turn this thing up," he said. "Mysteries are not good medicine in Washington. Too many powder magazines about, and when one of them goes off it takes a few official heads with it. That's outside of any patriotic distaste for seeing some other johnny score off us," he finished.

"He's a little miffed, I'm afraid," I remarked when he had gone.

"Worse than that," was the reply. "He's deeply offended."

"Well, what opinion have you formed?" I inquired.

"Nebulous," was his answer. "It lies now among three people, apparently, none of whom could or did leak. I'm not going to be positive, but I'll tell you this. If any information is being sent out of that house, it is being *sent*, and not stolen, and that means that somone is doing it. Which, Frederic, is equivalent to saying that there is no effect without a cause."

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"Thanks for nothing," I replied, and tumbled into bed.

We were seated about the Secretary's dining-table the next evening, and I was engaged in cracking walnuts for Miss Frederichs who sat upon my left. Janvrin was between the Secretary and Desmond, and Miss Graham occupied the foot of the table. She was a charming old Southern lady with an accent that was music to the ear. Desmond seemed a trifle ill at ease, I thought, and watched Janvrin continually. During dinner I had caught the girl's eye upon me, and wondered at it.

"I've been puzzling my mind, Miss Frederichs," I said during a general pause, "to determine your descent. I should say, offhand, that your parents were Spanish. Am I right?"

She hesitated an instant and I thought glanced at Desmond.

"My father was Latonian," she answered quietly. "My mother comes from New Orleans."

The Secretary glanced at her with a startled look. Desmond dropped his knife upon the floor to cover his confusion and upset his wine glass. This created a momentary bustle, and by the time it had dissipated Miss Graham rose and the ladies left us. I caught an approving glance from Janvrin, and when we had reseated ourselves the conversation turned upon general matters. Shortly after we conversed in pairs, and then the Secretary rose.

"If you'll step into the library, I'll show you the very article," he said to Janvrin, evidently *apropos* of something he had said. Desmond and I walked across the hall to the drawing-room. Without hesitation I took a seat beside Miss Frederichs on the divan. Her dark eyes followed Desmond, who, in somewhat moody fashion, leaned upon the piano where Miss Graham was turning music.

"You are a detective," the girl said suddenly to me as I sat down, and I jumped with astonishment.

"I?" I repeated foolishly. "My dear young lady, nothing——"

"Please don't," she said with a note of pain in her voice. "I'm certain of it. Is it——" she glanced swiftly at Desmond, "——anything to do with—a treaty?"

"I don't think I quite understand——" I began again, when she interrupted.

"I know more than you think," she said. "Perhaps I can help you. Oh, don't think me foolish or presumptuous, but I simply can't let this thing go on." Into my mind flashed the thought that this girl was about to confess to me, and this embarrassed me beyond words. "You don't know what I've suffered," she went on swiftly. "It has been preying on me for days, for I was sure it must come out. Please be generous, and do not act hastily, for I'm sure it was nothing but an act of folly without thought of serious consequences."

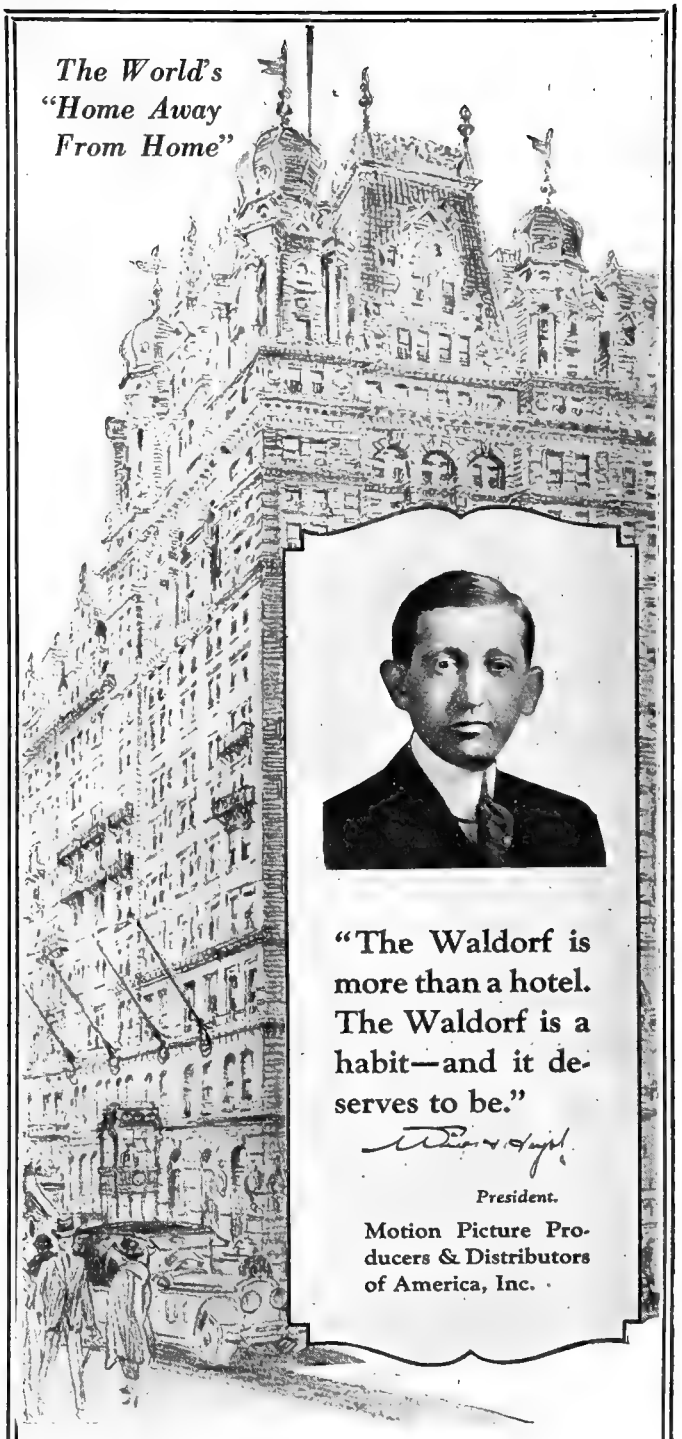
I looked at her in astonishment.

"I don't think I understand——" I repeated and she caught my arm.

"He's only a boy, after all," she whispered. "Look at him now. Can't you see that he doesn't realize——" Just here I felt as if someone had applied a vacuum cleaner to my lungs. The Secretary approached with his courtly air, and extended his arm.

"My dear, you will favor us with a song, I'm sure," he said with a smile. I think I never have seen a more superb bit of courage. She smiled up at him and took his arm.

"Of course," she replied. "What shall it be?"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Three hours later, when Janvrin and myself stepped out upon Connecticut avenue I had had no further opportunity to talk with Miss Frederichs upon the matter she had broached. At parting however, she had extended her hand and had looked at me pleadingly.

"Please!" she had whispered under her breath, and then spoke the conventional adieu. Instantly I felt pity for her.

"If humanly possible," I had replied.

On the street Janvrin had stopped to look back at the house we had left, then turned to the right and followed the garden wall along the side street. I was bursting with impatience to tell him my news.

"It's a mystery how she does it," he muttered to himself, and then aloud, "You can see the house is separated from other buildings by nearly a hundred feet. I'm not so sure but that Granger hit it close with his wireless, but, how the dickens does she work it?"

I looked at him in amazement, with my mouth gapingly open.

"She?" I reiterated. "What the devil are you talking about?"

He looked at me with equal astonishment.

"I'm talking about the manner in which that young woman manages to get information out of the house to her Latonian friends," he replied with some exasperation.

"But, man alive!" I exclaimed with equal warmth, "It's not the girl! It's Desmond!"

"Desmond!" he almost shouted.

"Of course!" I cried in turn. "Why, she's practically confessed the whole thing to me."

"Here! Wait a minute!" said Janvrin seizing my arm. "Do I understand that Miss Frederichs told you it is Desmond who is giving out the text of the treaty?"

"You've got it, my friend," I declared. He looked about with the first indication of helplessness I've ever seen on his face. Then he began to laugh silently, but energetically. Finally he gained some control of himself, and turning me about, walked down the street again.

"If you ever tell this, Frederic," he said, "for the love of our friendship don't make me out more of an ass than I am. Listen, dear boy. Desmond took me off in a corner, accused me point blank of being a detective, and begged me to go easy on Miss Frederichs. He assured me she was the finest being on earth, but that her Latonian parentage had warped her judgment."

I believe any agile person could have knocked me out with a feather.

"He told you——" I began. "What in thunder does it mean?"

"Ah, there's the rub," he returned. "That's the starting point. Either both are guilty, or neither are. If the former, it's our job to discover the how. If the latter it backs hard up to Graham himself."

I thought of the girl's eyes as she told me of her fears for her lover.

"I'd be willing to bank my hopes of high heaven on her innocence——" I began when he interrupted me.

"I know, and by the same token I find it hard to believe that young Desmond is guying an old stager like myself. I——" He was going on when a tall figure came swiftly about the corner of Graham's house and bumped into us. We both staggered backward, and the newcomer picked his hat awkardly from the ground. I heard an exclamation from Janvrin.

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THE stranger mumbled something in a foreign tongue and the light falling upon his features from the arc lamp on the corner, I was startled to see it was the man with the limp. My friend seemed to be having difficulty in finding his hat. The man began to apologize in English.

"Pardon," he said. "Der turn iss sharb, and I am hurried——"

"Don't mention it. Our fault entirely," muttered Janvrin. He recovered his hat and stood up, but averted his face. "Good night," he went on, and taking my arm, turned away. The other man did not reply, and Janvrin stopped suddenly. "Is this your pocketbook?" he called out, and I looked at him in surprise. He was listening intently. There was no answer, but only the halting limp of the other man's footsteps. Janvrin smiled grimly.

"Come on," he said, "I think I see light."

"Funny he didn't answer," I observed. "What did you mean about a pocketbook? I didn't see any?"

"Neither did I," replied Janvrin shortly.

Arrived at the hotel, he called Granger on the telephone.

"I've got a job for your men," he said to that officer. "Have them watch the house across the street from Graham; the side street. It's a tall man with a limp. Don't let him out of sight for love or money. By the way, I think that wireless tip of yours was good. See you later. Good night."

Janvrin withdrew into a deep study during the best part of an hour. I tried to get him to talk, but he answered only in monosyllables, so I gave it up and turned in. When I opened my eyes in the morning it was to the sound of splashing water and much singing off the key. Then Janvrin entered my room.

"I've ordered breakfast up here," he said. "And I've got a job for you. You work a typewriter, don't you? Well, first I want you to run up to the Congressional Library and look up an explosion that took place in the Japanese naval dockyard at Yokosuka about five years ago. Some foreigners were injured there. I want a list of them. Then come up to Graham's house. I'll be waiting for you." He finished as the waiter entered with the tray.

I found the information he wanted at the library, pencilled the names on a slip of paper, and took a taxi to the Secretary's house, where I found Janvrin in conversation with Mr. Graham in the library.

"Good!" said Janvrin when I handed him the list. "Now, Mr. Secretary, we'll try the experiment I spoke of. Get over there at the typewriter, Frederic, and take down what Mr. Graham will read you. Sit in your usual chair, sir," he went on to the Secretary, "and dictate this." He handed him a sheet of paper.

I noticed that Janvrin remained well back in the room, but that the light fell full on the Secretary's face as he read. I slipped a sheet of paper in the machine, and the dictation began.

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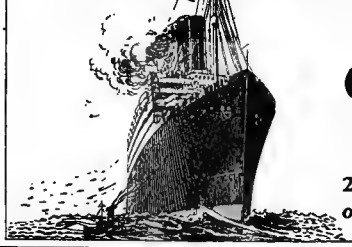

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nature, the same shall be adjusted by an arbitration board sitting at Tokio." The Secretary looked up. "But that's absurd!" he interjected, peering over his shoulder at Janvrin.

"Exactly," said my friend. "That's all, sir. Now, I've got to run, Mr. Secretary, and Frederic, you hurry back to the hotel. I may want you within reach. Come on. I'll report to you later, Mr. Graham."

Outside he spoke swiftly.

"Stay in the hotel," he said. "If I should telephone to send me a trunk, buy anything and fill it with any junk you wish. I'll tell you where to send it later."

It was two in the afternoon before I heard from him. Then he asked me to send him the trunk to 117 Joralmon street, and to wait at the hotel.

"You may hear from Graham," he said finally. "If so, take his message and keep it for me."

The receiver clicked in my ear and I hung it up.

It was not until nearly ten the next morning that I heard from the Secretary, and then he merely told me that Remnitz had cabled the new clause. I was to give Janvrin that message. At one o'clock Janvrin himself called, and chuckled gleefully when I told him what Graham had said.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Now hop in a taxi and come up to the address I gave you yesterday. We'll clean this thing up in a jiffy."

Twenty minutes later I found myself on the street that ran beside the Secretary's residence. Number 117 was immediately across from the library windows. In the dark hall, when I was admitted, I found Janvrin talking with a frowsy woman who was quite evidently the landlady.

"Ah, here you are," he exclaimed, and then glanced toward the door. There was another ring, and this time the tall, dark man with the limp entered. As he moved to the stairs Janvrin slipped his hand into his waistcoat pocket. A moment later there was the clink of a heavy silver coin on the cracked marble floor. The dark man did not pause or turn, as ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would have done, but continued up the stairs. It was plain he had not heard the coin fall. Janvrin picked up his money, spoke a word to the landlady, and beckoned to me.

"Come up to the room," he said, and I followed him.

"What's the game?" I queried, when the door had closed upon us. "And why the juggling below stairs?"

"I wanted to verify something," he replied. "As I suspected from our previous encounter, the fellow's stone deaf."

"What difference——" I began, when he motioned me to the window. I found myself looking straight down into the library of the Secretary of State. As I gazed downward Helena Friederichs entered the room, opened her typewriter cabinet and sat down. Immediately Graham appeared from the back of the long table and took the big leather chair facing the window. He held a piece of paper in his hand, and I could see his face plainly as he turned to the girl and began his dictation. Janvrin touched my arm, and lifting a tiny flap of the wall-paper, directed my attention to a small orifice that had been made in the plastering underneath. Bending my eye to this, I saw a number of fine holes that had been punched in the paper of the next room. I looked and started back with a smothered exclamation. Janvrin grinned widely.

"Is he——?" he whispered, and I nodded.

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"Come on, then," he replied. "We'll go across the street and drag the traitor who has been betraying his country's secrets into the open. We'll show him that he cannot trample on the confidence of an appreciative and trusting nation."

FIVE minutes later we were standing in the big room, and Janvrin turned to the Secretary.

"Burnham tells me you got a message from Selnord," he said. Graham held out a cablegram in code with the transcription pencilled in between lines. Janvrin glanced at it, compared it with another slip he took from his pocket, and handed both to me. To my surprise it was almost word for word a repetition of the few words I had typed on the machine the day before. My friend smiled.

"You'll admit that neither Burnham nor myself has facilities for correspondence with the *Lokal Abendpost*, the official gazette of Latonia, I suppose, sir?" he inquired.

"Of course," the other admitted with dry lips. "But how——"

"Just a minute," said Janvrin. "With your permission I'll send for Mr. Desmond and Miss Frederichs." He rang the bell, and when the message had been given we waited. Almost immediately the young woman hurried in, a deep pallor and anxiety upon her face. I moved toward her with a sympathetic outstretched hand when Janvrin stopped me.

"One moment, please, Frederic," he said, and then young Desmond entered the room. He glanced from the girl to us, and he turned as pale as the girl. Janvrin closed the door and stepped back to us.

"Mr. Secretary," he said slowly. "You asked me to find the person who had been betraying the secrets of your department to a foreign government, and also how the information had been transmitted. I have found the traitor."

There was a little gurgling cry from the girl, and she pressed a tiny handkerchief to her lips. Young Desmond looked at her with a pitiful agony in his face. Graham's voice trembled.

"Who—who——?" he muttered huskily

Janvrin glanced from one to another of the three strained faces. It was a tragic-comedy to see the two young people look at each other. "Mr. Secretary," said Janvrin slowly, "I charge you formally with having yourself revealed those secrets to the Latonian spy!"

With a spring I caught up a chair and slipped it behind the old man as his knees bent beneath him.

"Cut out the melodrama!" I whispered fiercely to Janvrin, for I began to fear the old fellow could not stand much more.

"I?" the Secretary ejaculated. "You—you are jesting!"

"You alone are responsible," replied Janvrin in a lighter tone. "First, I'll relieve all your minds by saying that Mr. Graham is not consciously guilty. Secondly, the experiment of yesterday proved that neither Mr. Desmond nor Miss Frederichs are factors in the case. Neither knew of the dummy clause we dictated, and yet it came back to us within twenty-four hours."

The color began to return to the face of Secretary Graham, and I smiled to myself as I saw the girl's hand slip out and grope for the fingers of her lover.

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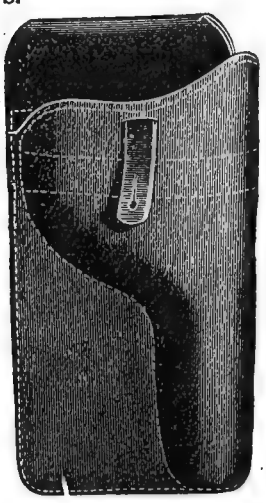

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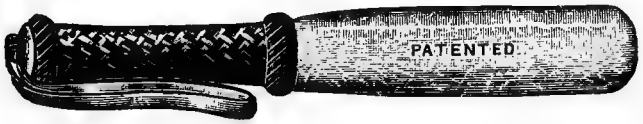


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"But I don't understand——" stammered Graham hopelessly.

"We'll make it clear in a moment," replied Janvrin, stepping to the window. He lifted his hand and made a signal, and within the minute the door-bell rang. My friend smiled genially, and, crossing the room, threw open the door. Almost immediately Granger appeared leading the dark man who limped. He now wore handcuffs.

"Come in," said Janvrin genially. "My friends, allow me to present Albert Bardeleben, the medium of exchange, as it were." He turned to Secretary Graham. "I'll show you how the trick was turned, Mr. Secretary," he went on, "if you will just sit in your accustomed place. And you, Miss Friederichs, please take your place also. Now, sir, just cast your eye up at that window on the second floor opposite—the one where the white shade is slightly askew. A man sat up there, Mr. Graham, with a pair of strong field glasses trained upon your face."

"But he could not read my notes!" protested the puzzled Secretary.

"The man up yonder happened to be one of the cleverest secret agents in the Latonian employ. He got your dictation word by word, just as he got it yesterday when you dictated it to Burnham—oh, yes, Miss Friederichs," he said, turning to the girl, "we stole your employment and proved your innocence all in one breath. Mr. Graham dictated a dummy clause to my friend, and it came back over the cable this morning, showing conclusively that it had been gleaned by—wireless," he concluded with a smile at Granger.

"The clever spy skeletoned your dictation in his private cipher, strolled down to the cable office on F street, and it landed in the office of the *Local Abendpost* in due course, which in turn dutifully sent it along by pneumatic tube to King Bertrand himself."

"But why should the newspaper get it?" demanded Graham.

"There are thousands of Washington dispatches going all over the world every day," my friend replied. "No importance would be attached to such messages. I think it was quite clever."

"But the man. Who——"

"The man? Oh, Bardeleben, here. He's a very keen fellow. He used to be more efficient in many ways than he is now. That was before he lost his hearing at a Japanese dockyard explosion four years ago. He has changed considerably since then, and at first I did not recognize him. It was the same explosion that gave him his limp."

"Still, I don't see how he knew——"

"I neglected to say that when Bardeleben lost his hearing he was forced to make his eyes do double duty. He learned lip reading, Mr. Secretary, and became highly proficient at it. The light is good, the distance not too great, and his field glasses were strong. The matter was comparatively simple. I have no doubt Bardeleben could explain all the details, but unfortunately he is handicapped for time. The Limited leaves for New York shortly, and he has a steamer to catch. Circumstances over which he has no control force him to leave us. He is returning to Latonia."

The spy had been watching Janvrin's lips with fixed attention. Now he shrugged his shoulder and smiled at us crookedly.

"So. It iss de fortune of war," he observed in curi-

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ously flat tones. Janvrin nodded and Granger touched him on the shoulder, conducting him from the room.

"I'd like to tell you something else, Mr. Graham," said my friend. "Two days ago that young lady confessed to Mr. Burnham that she knew Mr. Desmond was the traitor. At the same time Mr. Desmond was giving me the same interesting information about her. Wrapped up in that is the greatest compliment you are ever likely to get, sir. If I know human nature, each, knowing you, could not conceive of your guilt. Each knew herself or himself to be equally innocent, and each thus proved the other guilty because there was no other alternative. You——" he glanced about him. "By the way, Mr. Secretary, would you mind showing Burnham and myself the garden?"

The Secretary looked up with some surprise, but Janvrin already was steering him toward the French window. As we stepped on the verandah my friend leaned over to Graham.

"It occurred to me they might want to do a little—er—lip reading," he said.

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(*Continued from page* 28)

counts, found guilty and sentenced, but he won on appeal for a new trial and is now out on bail.

At Headquarters I told the detectives in the Safe and Loft Squad room not to mention my name before the man I had brought in and I began to question him. I asked him to write the name he had given me as his, and while he was doing this in walked a detective and called to me, "Kane, Inspector Cray wants to see you."

"Abie" dropped the pen and looked up at me.

"So you're Kane, are you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "I'm Kane, and I heard that you said you knew a detective had been trailing you and that you had walked the legs off him for three weeks. But I've got you now."

He and Albert Schwartz, one of the men who had been with him, were indicted for grand larceny.

An interesting feature of the case developed in Mr. Talley's office. After the Chief Assistant had been questioning Storey for hours he had Brierton brought in handcuffed to a policeman. He told Storey that the broker was under arrest for his part in the plot. Storey looked Brierton straight in the face and denied that he had ever seen him. And nothing could induce him to change that statement.

We wound up this case when I found a stool pigeon who gave us some genuine information about the bonds. I met this fellow at Nineteenth street and the East River one night and he told me that a chauffeur had driven to Philadelphia with bonds worth $90,000. We got back a lot of that loot.

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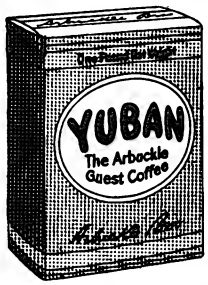


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# How I Trailed "Omna"

(*Continued from page* 19)

The Countess had ample time to read this memorandum before I retrieved the card from the table at her elbow. That was my prod—for Omna the dilatory.

One-thirty of the following day. The mythical appointment with the Swami, whose business card I had so unblushingly used, was only half an hour away. The telephone rang.

"Good afternoon, Countess," was my instant answer to the soft-voiced "Mrs. Field, please."

And in a moment I was hearing: "Good news! The scouts have found some for you and I will bring home the names tonight."

That was the disappointing total. No immediate arrest in sight! I bit my lips in vexation.

And this was the last day of my allowance. I sat down to some hard and straight thinking. Could I get a case on Omna or could I not? Evidently he was on the lookout for trouble and did not especially trust the Countess.

Yet after a close examination of my chances I decided to wager whatever further hotel expense might be needed on my ability to get through his guard to Omna himself. In other words I decided to stay on at the hotel at my own expense. It was not the first time I had done a similar thing; every detective spends in the city's service many sums he can never recover. If I captured Omna I felt sure the expense would be allowed. If I failed—well, I just wouldn't fail.

Twenty-four hours passed and conditions remained just as difficult, and more complicated. Omna was still dodging giving me a reading or selling me any stock and the Countess was telephoning that they had found some new names, enough to use up $10,000 in stock purchases I figured out.

This arrangement was rather a poser for me. I had prepared a nicely wrapped roll of Confederate bills with good Uncle Sam yellowbacks flashing on the outside for the purpose of making a cash payment to Omna in good old confidence-man style for any shares he might sell me. It was only necessary for purposes of an arrest that he accept one of the bills. On the other hand, I was not prepared to pay ready cash to six or seven of Omna's satellites, each masquerading as a stockholder.

For that excellent reason I had made only one real effort in the direction of buying stock. In order to make Omna believe my intentions bona-fide I had actually gone to see the first person on the list that the "spirits" had prepared for me. I had with difficulty managed to get away from that chap without buying any shares by giving the excuse that I had to get a check cashed. I was beginning to realize, however, that unless I began to actually buy some of this remarkable and well planted stock the Omna crowd would naturally become suspicious and would turn the Countess against me. Also with that move I distinctly foresaw an end to my present campaign. And I had spent too much time and energy on it to now permit it to fail.

Starting a new line of attack against Omna struck me as an exceedingly difficult thing for the moment, so with these reasons doubly urging me on I decided I must hit first and hit hard. I must begin my defensive against this trickster with an offensive, and a real one.

Therefore I waited until the Countess was about to leave for the Omna headquarters the following morning. When she was all ready I waylaid her with a remark

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that brought her weeping into my room—just where I wished her.

"I see Omna is to be married!" was the remark.

If I had shot her the effect could have been no greater. She sank on my bed. "What do you mean?" was all she could say. Her great fine eyes were turned on me with an expression that was indescribably piteous. It was hard to be so cruel even to be kind.

"Don't you read the papers?" I asked.

"The papers—they are not talking about us?"

"Hardly, just look at that!"

I handed her a copy of an evening paper of the night before and pointed to a line in the marriage license list.

"Edwin Wolf and Sadie Esther Drew" it read—and Omna's family name was Wolf.

The Countess was so upset that she never thought to ask me how I knew the man's real name. In fact, I kept her from fainting only by the generous use of smelling salts.

What a storm broke when she regained her senses. The denunciation that Omna suffered made me wince for him when he should meet her. In fact, I winced for myself too, should she ever learn that the paper I handed her was a special edition of one copy that I had had printed for my benefit. I had used all my blandishments to induce its managing editor to have the one line that I needed inserted in the marriage-license record and to run off just one copy for my use. But that was something she was never to learn.

It was at the height of her indignation against the recreant Omna that I suggested—possibly with a bit of subtlety:

"What will your revenge be?"

Revenge! She had not even thought of it. But once the seed was implanted in her mind it sprouted, grew to a full-size plant and blossomed in a few minutes.

"How can I get revenge?" she was shouting at me before she had paced the length of the room half a dozen more times.

For that I had an answer. "Take me to the office with you."

"You! What can you do for me? You!—Just to have him fool you the way he has me."

There was no other way to my end, so I told her just the truth. It made her gasp.

"Not Mrs. Field—a detective!" was the most she could say.

It took a little time, but by playing on her jealousy I did persuade her into a promise to prosecute Omna for his frauds on her. I have said she was no waster of time. Right here there came a demonstration of it. No sooner was she convinced that the whole castle of dreams in which she had been dwelling had been founded on deceit and fraud than she was all for instant vengeance.

"Take you to his offices!" was her cry. "I'll take you through to Omna himself, even if we have to go through flames."

Action followed fast on her words. Before she had finished speaking we were on the way to the taxi that was to bear us to Omna's fine offices in Times Square.

While I kept my face down and partly cloaked by one hand, she wormed her way, and mine, into Omna's own office.

At last—my goal!

But was it? The great desk lonesomely kept its own company at one side. The fine mahogany chair that Omna was accustomed to occupy lay overthrown. Papers

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were in disorder all about. Two tiny stenographers were buzzing around.

"What's happened to him?" was their quick query of the Countess. They looked up to her as an authority on Omna. It was laughable.

"What's happened? What do you mean?" the Countess cried.

"Omna's gone!" came the despairing answer. "He's run away."

I can swear that the Countess' skin blanched under the unchangeable color of her cheeks.

Quick question and answer revealed that Omna had dashed in early that morning, had hurriedly ransacked his papers, and then had departed in disheveled haste. His personal stenographer gave the details:

"I'm going, for good," he had panted as he tore around.

"Tell them it's no use to look for me! My God, that face!" That had been his final word as he shot out the door.

The little stenographers made a rush at the Countess at this. "What did he mean by that?" was their joint query.

The Countess, with her world fallen in ruins about her, had sunk supine in the great, comfortable guest chair that Omna had seated his dupes in that he might keep them at ease.

The little stenographers fussed about, questioning.

"What face? What did he mean?"

Though Omna had fled with the last bill from the looted cash drawer clutched in his vulture's claws and the last prospects for a pay-day for the employees had vanished with him, the little stenographers were not as much interested in their loss of money as in this mysterious reference to a face. That caught their first fancy. Employed as they were behind the scenes of a false spook factory, they still were not proof against the common human craving for that which is mystic, supernatural. They chattered about it.

"Was a face pursuing him?" "Whose spirit was it?" "Why should he run away from it?" These were parts of the babble I overheard.

There was a scuffle at the door. A woman brushed by an office boy who had tried to bar her way.

"Get out!" she said testily as she appeared in the doorway, "or I'll make Omna fire you." Who was she to give orders?

Sitting at one side I could see the woman's set grimace consciously change to a smile as she came into Omna's line of sight, as she believed. Under her well-drooped veil the lines of the face softened, a gracious, almost pleasing curve developed on her strangely pale lips. It was like watching a sad-faced actress put on her stage smile in theatre wings just before stepping into a high comedy scene.

So it was a woman apparently bent on loving conquest who stepped radiantly within the room. She turned graciously toward Omna's desk.

A transformation scene! The spectacle that met her eye told her volumes. The upset chair, the disordered desk, the stenographers posed despairingly about the almost fainting Countess. They told her a story of disaster in a glance.

"Where's Omna?" came gurgling to her lips. There was pain in the cry. Possibly she sensed that which would be a cataclysm for her.

Our answer was unanimous silence. We had pressing questions of our own to ask.

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There she stood dressed sumptuously, arrayed like one bound for a party, or a wedding. She was in mauve, a fashionable new silk gown, a darling of a hat; even hose and gloves to match. A corsage bouquet of orchids gave a dainty touch to a costume that was so striking as to make me stop to wonder why she should be wearing it.

As she stepped anxiously across toward the group at the desk I caught my breath at the thought that came to me. Could it be possible?

This finery, this mauve finery—it was the costume of a divorcee bride! What should she be doing here in this wrecked office on her wedding day and in her wedding best.

I was stupefied, there's no denying it. After one has carefully faked a situation one really does not expect it to come to life before one's eyes. I had falsely inserted the names of the two in the marriage license column. Ergo, I was the last person on earth to believe in what I saw happening before me.

Yet it was the arrival of the bride—of the expectant bride. There should have been a wedding march. Such were the ironic thoughts that played in my mind as I watched her march across the room—to meet the bridegroom.

Yes, that was to be her bridegroom—the empty desk and the upset throne—with the three distraught ones, two hovering about helplessly, the other sunk almost in coma. Crushed!

Mrs. Drew, you have guessed it, of course, repeated automatically, it seemed, and from her heart, what her mind already knew to be a futile question.

"Where's Omna?" I have never heard a frog's croak more dismal. She was sounding the abyss of despondency.

"No one knows!" a stenographer managed to reply. "He skipped out this morning—said he would never be back—no use looking for him."

"Gone—and without me! We were to have sailed tomorrow."

"Europe?" we gasped in chorus.

"Around the world!" was her astounding reply. "I came down to go to the license bureau with him."

"And you were to be married after?"

As the least flurried of those in that room, I asked the question to which all of us sought an answer.

"Certainly, why?"

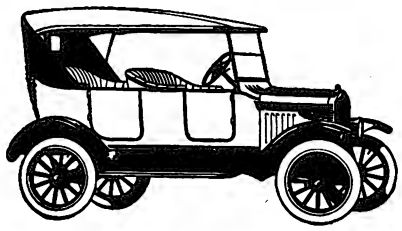
"He never told us," broke in one of the little stenographers, "he never said a word."

She seemed to feel now that this was her principal grievance against the fugitive monarch of the occult.

I expected a battle between the Countess and this rival who had triumphed over her. But the Countess' fires seemed spent, burnt to cold white ash. Not again would she flare up on her own account against Omna.

There was rapid interchange of thought, opinion, prediction, guess. I left the four of them in excited discussion. I had a mission. Now that Omna was gone I meant to take care of his greater satellite, to care for him with especial thoughtfulness.

But I returned to the room in a few moments without my triumph. This was indeed a bootless day for me. All my long, carefully planned campaign gone to waste, and not even a Chryso as consolation prize. He, I learned, had fled close on the heels of his master. Two hours had passed. I knew they were out of our reach by that time. My carefully laid scheme was nil.

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Re-entering the chamber of Omna I found a surprise. The Countess was again standing. Her eyes were brilliant dots, her clenched hand was uplifted to heaven.

"Vengeance on this beast!"

Sad little Mrs. Drew, bent over the chair, was beating with her fists on her chest. "And to think that I broke up my home, left my husband, all for him."

"All for him, all for him," was the diminuendo chorus of her plaint.

"Why, Countess," cried I, "I thought you were resigned, that you would not again——"

"It's not for me, not for me!" was the fierce rejoinder. "For her! What if he did rob me twice, look what he did to her."

It must have been torture, but Mrs. Drew slowly raised her face, and without the half-concealing veil.

She had been a toasted beauty when her father was the seignor of a fat little industrial city on Long Island. But now—! May you be preserved from knowing just how fearful was the sight of her countenance. It was that of a horrid old hag, a harridan and a harpy. Enough said.

The little stenographers exchanged meaning glances. Their lips moved, but it was not necessary for me to be a lip-reader in order to tell their thought.

"That face!"

So that was Omna's work! Answering unuttered queries that were held back behind all our lips Mrs. Drew slowly nodded her head.

"I was good-looking until—until this." Little Mrs Drew fell to weeping. "Oh, if I had only killed him when the urge came."

"Why didn't you?" hissed the Countess.

"I cared too much. And now see me! Even he flees from his handiwork!"

"Come," said I to the Countess, as I urged her out "there's work to do. This man must be caught."

It required a good deal of persuasion and all the tact I possessed to bring her back to a normal state of mind.

My intent was good; my purpose strong. How I fared in further pursuit of Omna is to be told in detail in my next narrative.

*The Fateful Pursuit of Omna*

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# The University of Crime Detection

(*Continued from page* 23)

It is divided into four subjects only, but they are expounded by six lawyers of national reputation, and one vainly endeavors to imagine the number of lectures that this implies.

GRUESOME enough are the next two topics; fascinatingly gruesome to nearly everyone, as we all would admit if we strove for absolute mental honesty instead of "kidding" ourselves, as some of us are prone to do. For these have to do with crimes of violence.

There is homicide, in its infinite number of bloody or treacherously sinister forms; the shot fired in a blaze of sudden rage, the poison given in friendship's guise through sordid greed or lust, and all that lies between those two extremes. Murders that point unmistakably to the guilty man. Those that have been carefully planned by a brilliant mind which, nevertheless, almost invariably overlooks some faint clue which the detective must seek and find; and in this search modern science—that of the chemist, microscopist, biologist and many more—offer him aid hitherto undreamed of. He is in training to invoke them all.

There is robbery. Notably the hold-up. For centuries, from the days of Robin Hood down through those of our own Western "road agents" this crime carried with it a glamour of romance that was not entirely false. Those outlaws at least were real he-men, who took their chances and played their desperate game, evil though it was, in accordance with certain rules of fundamental decency. But now, at any rate so far as New York is concerned, all this has changed.

The degenerate bandits of to-day, with whom our detectives must deal, frequently are of races that bring with them traditions of murder as a preliminary of robbery. More often still their courage is owing entirely to heroin or other drugs, and it therefore is among those who use these drugs that such criminals must first be sought.

Then to burglary, in all its branches. For this is an age of specialization, in crime as well as in law or medicine or engineering, as Lieutenant Reynolds will tell you, if you ask him. The smashing of show windows, though ranked with burglary, is usually done by the same sort of men that hold up those stores. It takes no skill; burglars look down upon these operators.

The young burglar, it seems, may be and frequently is quite as ambitious to rise in his calling as are those who begin at the bottom of any other business. He must content himself with jimmying his way into humble homes until he gains the experience that will enable him to tackle residences with more valuable contents, which are guarded accordingly. The same is true of those who specialize in flats or stores or lofts, while the safe-cracker is the highest of all—the aristocrat of his profession.

Many burglars have a pride in their work. Many have developed a technique so individual that it is recognized by the trained detective as that of a great painter is known to the critics; and sometimes the detective is fooled, by clever imitators, just as critics are. This is one of the things he is taught to avoid. He is taught to tell the difference between a real burglary and pretended ones, committed from within by dishonest merchants in order to collect insurance. They are shown part of a ceiling that has been removed bodily and is kept in the Detective School as an example.

"John Doe was arrested and held for having burglar's tools in his possession." We often see some such line in the newspaper, and accept it without question or thought of what a burglar's tool really is. Could the average layman recognize one if he saw it? Probably not. It frequently is difficult and sometimes impossible for even the trained detective to do so. But his training enables him to make arrests like the one cited above with serene confidence that no injustice is done.

THEN there is the morning "line-up" of criminals, real or alleged, arrested during the previous twenty-four hours. All through his official life the detective will be expected to attend the line-up not less than three times a week. This function takes place in a space screened off from the rest of the big gymnasium in Police Headquarters. Against the screen stands a small platform. Facing this platform at a distance of five yards or so is a sort of low pulpit. Behind this pulpit the detectives gather.


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They are a representative lot. If the old-time, cigar-chewing type of sleuth were among them he would be as conspicuous as a green elephant. Substitute the first eight score or so of men who could be rounded up on lower Broadway, clerks, lawyers, brokers, the run of the street, and the types woul dbe exactly the same. Which is, of course, exactly as it should be.

At precisely nine o'clock the buzz of voices stops, the detectives cover their upper faces with vizor masks, Inspector John O. Coughlin, commanding the Detective Division, ascends the pulpit, and the prisoners are brought in. Singly, or in twos or threes, they climb to the platform, their heads uncovered. Shortly they are told to put on their hats, and the detectives study both aspects of their faces. The Inspector questions them.

The first is a scared little fellow with a broken head and a considerable criminal record, which he discloses in a still, small voice in reply to the Inspector's queries. Two Upper West Side negroes, sullen and scowling, follow him. Then another negro, fresh from "Alabam'," who insists that he was not arrested for robbery, but only "fo' rollin' de bones." A depressed little chap, accused of having given his landlady a bad check, has never been arrested before, and is told to stand down. And so it goes, until the last prisoner has been duly exhibited and the detectives scatter to their other tasks.

A BURGLAR'S tool is simply a mechanic's tool that has gone wrong, like its owner. A jimmy is nothing in the world but a crow-bar. It is not until it is arranged so that it can be taken apart into pieces small enough to be carried under a man's coat, or if they are discovered in an usual receptacle—a violin case, being long and narrow, is frequently used—that it loses its standing in the world of respectable implements. There are very few tools that have no uses apart from burglary. The "can opener" is the most common of these. Its name describes it perfectly, but its handle is a yard long, and it is used for ripping the outer layer of steel from a safe door.

In the case of most tools, however, they must be judged as men are judged, by the company they keep. Any honest mechanic may legitimately own drills, bloom-shears, blow-torches and the like, but if he is found carrying them at midnight in the immediate vicinity of a bank he will undoubtedly have a lot of explaining to do. A safe that is made of thin wooden panelling, so that it can be taken apart and carried under one's arm like a portfolio, may have a legitimate part on the stage. But if it is used to deceive the passing policeman while the real safe is taken into a back room in order that it may be opened without official intrusion—why, "that is something else again." Such instances might be mentioned in almost infinite numbers.

Then there is the progress of industrial science to be reckoned with, for the really competent burglar is quick to adapt each new development to his uses. The drill, once his chief dependence, is rarely used now in the greater safe burglaries. The acetylene blow-pipe will burn away the toughest steel with no exertion on the burglar's part. In the shortest possible time it will cut the combination lock from a safe door as nicely as a panel-saw will cut soft pine. The really up-to-date burglar does not even make his gas on the spot, from carbide and water, but takes it with him all prepared and compressed in small tanks.

Larceny is the next topic, with sixteen heads, "a" to "p." Wagon and motor-car thieves, whose methods are


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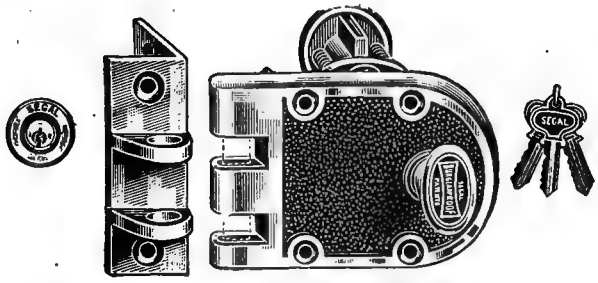

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quite separate and distinct. Package thieves—the apologetic young man, for instance, who tells Mrs. Smyth-Jones' servant that he is very sorry, but the box just left by Blank's department store was intended for the lady in the apartment below. Bank sneaks, from the man with the wad of chewing-gum on the end of a pencil, to which a yellow-backed bill can be made to adhere, to the accomplished operator who can swiftly sequestrate a whole trayful of "dough." Also the other varieties of sneak-thieves, of which the bogus gas man is so notable an example.

Sub-head "f" embraces the most utterly contemptible of all; men who lack even the perverted virtue of courage. "Con" men, that is to say, especially those who prey on women and their ilk. Later one sees listed those no less contemptible, who rob ignorant immigrants of their savings. Water-front thieves follow, including the ingenious individual who bores upward from a boat through both wharf planking and the cask that stands upon it, and thus succeeds in violating at least two laws at once: the Volstead Act and the statutes against misappropriation of property in general.

WHEN one sees "money-making machines" listed among the subjects for a detective's instruction, the mind naturally flies to the counterfeiter's den, but flies in quite a wrong direction. A counterfeiter's tools, like those of a burglar, are usually those used by any engraver or lithographer, and it is only when illegal dies, moulds or the like are found in his possession that legal salt can be put on his tail. The so-called money-making machine is nothing at all like that.

This is a recent variant of the confidence game, and, oddly enough, it has been developed from a catchpenny toy that was peddled for a while on the streets, many years ago. This toy resembled in appearance a miniature clothes wringer with three rollers instead of two. When a slip of paper was fed into these rollers, it apparently came out as brand-new United States paper currency. The developed machine is, of course, a far more imposing affair. It is encased in two boxes that might hold radio sets. They are of mahogany and brass-bound, covered with mysterious micrometer dials and electric switches. When slips of paper are inserted and one of these switches is turned, there ensues a mysterious buzzing, and the currency, or what purports to be such, duly appears.

"You'd think—wouldn't you?—that it would be the raw immigrant who would fall for a thing like that," remarked Commissioner Faraut, with a smile, when this machine was under discussion. "But, 'one is born every minute,' you know. It was a prosperous butcher who was relieved of several thousand dollars by means of that thing. But he wouldn't have been if he wasn't a greedy crook at heart. There's no need to waste sympathy on *him.*"

Which, as all but probably the butcher himself will readily agree, is very true indeed.

The instances given are inevitably only a few—and a very few at that—of the high spots, so to speak, in a detective's training. There is no room to give even the shortest explanatory word of all within the limits of a magazine article. The following list of the topics without their subdivisions will serve to prove that:

Arson.
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Mental Defectives and Morons.
The Mental Examiner and the Police.
Diagnosis of Criminal Injuries.
Crime and Evidence.
Bucket-shops, Stock Swindlers.
Operations of Stock Exchange.
Scars.
Types of Mental Defectives at Randall's Island.
Autopsies at the Morgue.

Where would that supposititously favored incompetent be after he had tackled this layout? Why, in the hands of another board, whose personnel was quite different from that of the first one. Then there would be examinations, thorough ones, to prove that he really had a grasp on what he had heard, or to prove the contrary. The papers would be graded by the Civil Service Commission, who knew them only by numbers, the names being withheld.

But no utter incompetent ever got this far, or is likely to. Some men fail, it is true; and even after they have passed triumphantly they still have to make good in actual practice before their position is secure.

When at length they have made good, the city may well be proud of them. And it is.

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* * *

Keep at least 15 feet behind the car ahead when driving in traffic; your radiator is not indestructible; neither is his gas tank.

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WALTER G. SPRINGER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1924.

(Seal) FREDERICK J. RUMKER.

(My commission expires March 30th, 1925.)

# Wanted for Murder

(*Continued from page* 39)

THE AUTHOR. [*Rushing on stage from left and flourishing prompt-book as stage hands begin to remove side-wall of set at right.*] Oh, it's rotten! It's the limit! I didn't think I could ever do anything so bad. Why, I'm the one that ought to go to Sing Sing!

UNCLE BILLY. [*Getting up from floor and stretching himself.*] Well, you certainly handed me something when you put me out of action after about half a dozen speeches. I don't see why you didn't make me go out into the night and die like a gentleman—in my dressing-room. I've got a stiff neck, lying up against the draft from under that darned old door.

AUTHOR. Well, if I ever get up enough steam to write the thing over again, I'll cut out your part altogether. That'll be a salary saved, anyhow.

UNCLE BILLY. [*Mockingly.*] Oh, cruel, cruel one!

DORA. I don't see anything the matter with the piece, except that I really ought to have a revolver in the drawer of my desk and hold up his Nibs [*indicating Haggard, who is lighting a cigarette*], until the rescue band arrives. That would be more dramatic and not so messy as flopping in a faint from one man's shoulder to another. Just look at my hair!

AUTHOR. The trouble is, I've listened to too many suggestions from all of you. If I'd just gone ahead as we first rehearsed the thing, there would be something in it that would make it stand right out from the ruck of vaudeville sketches. As it plays now, it's a dud. I thought I had a thriller and it's just simple murder. Why, I heard someone out there [*pointing to audience*] actually snicker when Uncle Billy went down.

HAGGARD. Well, I put the right punch in *my* lines, didn't I?

AUTHOR. Oh, you're all right. It isn't your fault if I make a monkey of you. Now, on the level, old man, do you think even a half-witted crook, much less a guy clever enough to break out of Sing Sing, wouldn't be wise to the fact that Dora was telegraphing for a cop and not for a Rolls-Royce?

HAGGARD. Just the same, I'll bet it sounded all right to a lot of people in the audience. [*Walking down to the footlights and appealing to the audience.*] I leave it to you, folks, now. Didn't it seem real to you? What do you say? [*If some say "Yes" and others say "No"—as will probably happen, both Haggard and the Author turn to each other and say:*]

AUTHOR. }
HAGGARD } See? Didn't I tell you?

UNCLE BILLY. What gets my nanny, now that we're all talking in friendly criticism of the piece, is the way Dora and I keep on jabbering about trains and leading everybody to expect the sound of a locomotive whistle, in the distance, at least—and never so much as a tin horn toot.

AUTHOR. You don't expect me to bring a fifty thousand dollar locomotive and a train of Pullmans down to the footlights in a one-act sketch, do you?

UNCLE BILLY. Who said anything about bringing 'em down to the footlights? Besides, I don't believe the railroad I'm supposed to be working for would employe a station-master seventy years old. Now, would it?

DORA. Well, all I've got to say is that I think Dora's a real nice character. Of course I don't think she's a

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perfect lady, you know. Too many "my Gods" and that sort of thing.

CAMERON. I don't want to butt in, but it seems to me I've got a pretty dinky part for a lover. I ought to show myself somehow before the very end of the piece.

AUTHOR. I've got an idea that I'm going to cut you out altogether. Just have some talk about you. People will think a lot more of you, Cameron, if they don't see you.

CAMERON. [*Sarcastically.*] Is *that* so?

AUTHOR. Yes, that's so. You know what you get in your pay envelope. We can't afford to give you forty dollars per just on your manly appearance.

UNCLE BILLY. Say, why couldn't you let me come to, after Haggard knocks me out, and let me sneak up behind him with a poker and do him up as he's holding Dora in his arms? You could cut out both Cameron and the policeman in that case.

AUTHOR. [*To policeman.*] Hey, why don't *you* say something? Now's your cue for a holler.

POLICEMAN. Oh, I ain't got no kick. I'm only a super.

DORA. Listen, children—I've got a grand idea! Why wouldn't it be fine for me to say to Haggard there, "Very well, my good fellow," or something aristocratic like that, and then ask him to hand me a pair of shears or something that I've connected up with the electric wires of the telegraph instrument, and when he grabs them—the shears, I mean—he gets about a million volts through his body and dies right on the spot—electrocuted by fate!

AUTHOR. [*Holding his head in mock pain.*] Oh, you female Edison!

DORA. [*Sarcastically.*] Well, you don't have to use my ideas, dearie. Anyway, I've got a date. [*Looks at wrist watch.*] My goodness, I've got to wash up and be at The Biltmore in twenty minutes. So long, everybody. [*Exits.*]

AUTHOR. Say, fellows, I know the sketch is punk as it stands, but I think I can give it a nice clever twist at the end. A corking good idea for a new situation has just bumped right into my noodle.

UNCLE BILLY. Wait a minute! What's the matter with all of us going to the club and talking it out comfortably over something. What do you say, Mr. Author?

AUTHOR. You're on, Bill! Come along, everybody—my party! [*They walk off rapidly, all in the same direction, each man saying something to the one nearest him to make a jumble of happy conversation in an undertone. A stage carpenter begins to loudly hammer a nail in a "flat" on the floor and . . .*]

CURTAIN

# The Death Thrust

*As Related to the Author by General Peter Traub, U.S.A.*

*By* W. G. S.

"BOOTS and saddles at daybreak!"
The command carried silently from post to post.
Moros were on every side of the encampment.
Their religious frenzy had carried them to insolent heights.
Sergeant Marta, on sentry post, welcomed the new order:
Boots and saddles at daybreak!

Relief!
His patrol had been violated frequently,
Always dangerously.
Bolos were more despised than cartridges.
Moros, religion-crazed, had broken sentry lines repeatedly.
Always a sentry had been found gutted.
A bolo in a Moro's hands is wierdly efficient.

A crack in the brush!
Marta was alert, carbine ready, saber sharp, glistening against the moon.
A strike, a swish of steel—Carramba!
A fanatical scream, a brown-skin devil pierced, on the saber's point.
His anguished eyes blazed the torture of the thrust,
But not yet done,
He grasped the gun-stock near Marta's hand
And with the cunning of a demon
Thrust his belly full to the blade's extremity, while
His hands closed on Marta's neck
And clenched his windpipe in a deadly grip.
With arms outstretched, the Sergeant thrust the blade still farther,
But those tightening fingers held their mark
And would not loose.
His carbine!
He pulled the trigger, with a sickening, dull report,
The fingers relaxed and the enemy dropped.
Boots and saddles!
A welcome command to Sergeant Marta at daybreak.

Only a veteran soldier or a cop
Would fully comprehend the fiendish type
Who thus, when mortal blow had pierced him,
Would use such frightful measures
To get his man.


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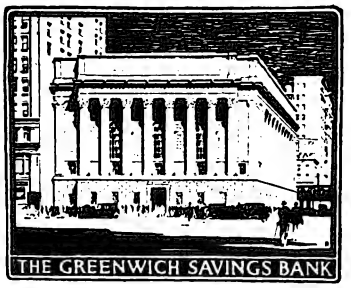


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# Women's Police Reserves

(*Continued from page* 26)

claim and want to be nothing more. Their work is unobtrusive. The more quietly they work the better. Their policy is one of non-interference. Their function is purely supplementary to the efforts of the police. They are not officious. They are Minute Women ready for call in any emergency; always on post when needed.

The Reserves are trained to the exercise in a public way of those feminine ministrations which are especially needed by women and children and particularly by those of sheltered lives. Deputy Commissioner Rodman Wanamaker, who organized the body, believes that in times of alarm and panic women can be more effectively soothed by other tactful women than by the most well-meaning of men.

We have found that many persons, even the most intelligent citizens, are ignorant of the ordinary requirements for the health and safety of the community and our members are trained to impart that knowledge in their several districts.

For example, do *you* know where the police and fire-boxes are located nearest your home? Do you know the location of the police station of your precinct? The number of the precinct and district in which you live? The difference between a police call-box and the flash signal-box that summons immediately the patrolman of your neighborhood? Do you know the telephone number of police headquarters? The simpler ordinances of the city and how they should be enforced for the better protection of your neighborhood?

Do you know how to call the police? How to turn in a fire alarm? How to call an ambulance? To give first aid to the injured? To take charge in an emergency until the police or physician arrives? Can you tell how to escape from a building that is on fire and how to save others? To secure witnesses to a crime or accident? To help enforce the sanitation laws of the city? To help the poor of your precinct to obtain fuel?

May I stress to the limit of capital letters that "WE DO NOT DO POLICE WORK?" We only "know what to do and how to do it" when we are faced with an emergency. The fact that we have taken the oath and have in our possession a Police Reserve shield, makes us feel that upon our honor we must do as citizens what is necessary in an accident; that we must keep cool in an emergency in order to calm others. I give instructions that in every instance when a policeman arrives he shall be given charge and that all facts and details be furnished him clearly and concisely in writing if possible. Then when the matter is in the hands of the police the reserves are through.

We have a wonderfully loyal group of members. We have never had any dissensions. Every member works with such thorough co-operation with the others that I can assign any Major or Captain to any group or work, knowing that all members will serve in harmony with her. We have the highest esteem, and desire for service, with that admirable gentleman and police executive, Inspector Charles McKinney, who is our commanding officer.

It would seem that many other cities might take a leaf from our book of experiences and establish Women's Police Reserves. There can be no doubt that a great deal of work in this direction can be accomplished by

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women. And in every community there are always self-sacrificing women and women with a fine sense of what to do under unusual and trying conditions. Everywhere in the world there is work which only a woman can successfully perform, and in such an organization as the Women's Police Reserves of New York City, the splendid individuals who constitute its personnel have shown the vital need for its existence.

The Women's Police Reserves hold in highest esteem Police Commissioner Enright's ability and spirit of public service. They deem it an honor to serve under him. Our unit tried to express a measure of this esteem by presenting him with a bronze tablet which now decorates his office at Police Headquarters.

# Jewel Thief's Boomerang

(*Continued from page* 41)

said he would not prosecute. Nor would he attempt to get back the remaining jewels, including the lavalliere. Haywood, of course, protested his innocence.

I followed the man however to New York and there proceeded to show him the wrappers and the samples of his writing. I told him vigorously that if he didn't get back the other jewels, and do it quickly, he was headed for Sing Sing, while he might escape if the jewels were recovered. Still he insisted he was innocent. But I had heard that before.

Two days passed and no sign of the other jewels appeared, although Mr. Alstyne received an anonymous letter saying they had been mailed to him. The banker now became suspicious and hinted that the jewels were being "held out." I waxed indignant and hunted up Haywood. He asserted that he had "heard" a package had been mailed to Mr. Alstyne. He was still "innocent."

For my part I became suspicious also. Possibly the culprit was someone in the mail service? Like Mr. Alstyne I was wrong. When I went over to the Post Office Inspector's place to make a complaint I received my third shock in the case. Out of a brown paper parcel that had borne no address the chief inspector tumbled the remaining stones.

In his nervous haste after my third-degree work, Haywood had mailed the precious parcel without either address or sender's mark and it had gone to the Inspector's office in the regular course of business. So that was the end of the affair. Haywood had taken the package while his young mistresses were shopping in Portchester and had substituted pebbles. His ruse in mailing part of the gems to Headquarters had not been dictated by conscience but by a desire to throw pursuers off. He had meant suspicion to fall on city sneak thieves. He had had no idea he was throwing a boomerang.

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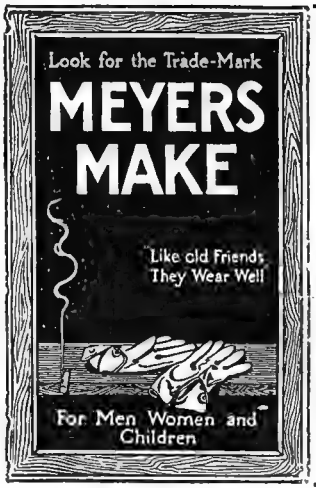


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# Picturesque Paris Police

(*Continued from page* 32)

Another point of resemblance to the Republican Guards lies in the antiquity of their origin. Even their name shows this; *gen d'armes* is a literal translation of "man-at-arms," the mediæval English term for a military retainer. But though ancient in its origin, its traditions and almost fanatical *esprit de corps*, the Gendarmerie has developed into a corps whose functions are absolutely modern and as French as the Parisian *gamin*.

There are 534 officers and men of this corps at present quartered in the Department of the Seine; and in times of emergency these men, and if necessary more besides, can be employed or used by the Prefect with permission of the Ministry of War. While the Gendarmes are policemen, they are also a part of the army. They are, in fact, a sort of *corps d'elite*, for their pay is much higher than that of the soldier.

In times of peace they act as a sort of national constabulary, normally confining their activities to the rural districts, not only throughout France but even in the most distant of her far-flung colonies. The most delicate governmental business is at times entrusted to their charge. Rarely, if ever, has it been mishandled, and certain it is that a trust never has been betrayed.

In time of war they still are police in their normal function, but then they are military police in the strictest sense of that term. We, here in the United States, were accustomed to see, during the late war, soldiers wearing brassards inscribed with the letters "M. P." The most confirmed pacifist learned that the letters stood for "Military Police," and that their duty was to look out for military offenders. They were men detailed from the line of the army for this purpose. In France they manage that sort of thing rather better than we do; their military police are men trained, and very well trained, in police as well as in military duties. Men whose standards of intelligence are probably higher than those which can be boasted by any other branch of the French police—save one.

That one exception is the *Police Judiciare*, the far-famed Parisian detective. He has fairly earned this fame; no one who knows anything of his work will question that fact for an instant. Still it is undoubtedly true that it got off with what one might call a flying start. The members of the *Police Judiciare*, naturally, work *en bourgois;* which is the French way of saying "cits," or plain clothes. They fulfil, if not a higher, at least a more confidential mission than that of the uniformed Municipal Police. They are not recruited from the uniformed ranks; their service is quite distinct and different in every way, reporting directly to the Prefecture. It is true that about two hundred of the *Police Judiciare*, about 25 per cent of the detective force, operate from the offices of the District Commanders, but that is a mere matter of convenience. They are detailed to those offices in order that they may reach the locality of their work without unnecessary loss of time. The detective force is divided into three principal parts.

First, the *Sureté*. Were the Detective Division of the New York Police Department modelled exactly after that of Paris, we probably would term this the "Bureau of Public Safety." That is to say, criminal-catchers; "sleuths," to use the old, dime-novel term, pure and simple. And exceedingly good ones they are.

Formerly there was another division which related

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exclusively to public morals, but this is now united with the *Sureté*. Prostitutes are not licensed in Paris as many suppose, but they are tolerated in order better to supervise their activities, and they must be registered and carry at all times a medical certificate of examination proving them to be free from disease. Gambling houses also are frankly tolerated—but closely watched.

There, also, is "white slavery," so called, which is so far from being tolerated that it is hunted down and punished with the Frenchman's form of thoroughness which, though somewhat different from that of the German, is quite as efficient and even more severe. The same may be said of traffic in narcotics. Under a recent law, a detective can enter any place at any time where drugs of this nature are used by a company of people, and for those who are convicted of helping to procure those drugs, the sentence of not less than five years of imprisonment is mandatory.

All these duties and many more devolve upon the *Sureté*, and his work at times impinges upon that of the next division.

The *Brigade de garnis*, this is called. It has supervision of any place that will allow a man or woman a place to sleep in exchange for money. Any place, from the humblest "sleep-seller's" establishment—a "flop house" it would be called in New York—to the great hotels, where prices are commensurate with those of our own expensive hostelries.

The third, called simply the bureau of "enquiries," is what might be called the real inner circle. It is the eyes and ears of the Prefecture; the Secret Service in its highest and most confidential sense. It corresponds very closely indeed to the "G-2" of our army, and to the British Intelligence Department during the late war. During that war it was so closely affiliated in that way with the French General Staff activities that it would be very hard indeed to say where the civilian left off and the soldier began.

But then, that last statement is true to a very great degree of the Frenchman of any sort. His is essentially a military nation. It always has been, and until the far-away millennium brings universal peace, it probably will always have to be.

*(Next month a detailed description of the detective branch of the Paris police will be published.)*

## Chief Constables Oppose Pistol Sales

The question whether many Canadian cities should continue to have four distinct police forces—municipal, county, official and federal—was considered by the Chief of Constables Association of Canada in convention in Ottawa a short time ago. Chief Crabb, of Ontario, surprised the convention by offering a proposal for the elimination of federal and provincial police forces and the creation of police districts. He asserted that the result of the existence of four police forces was constant interference.

Commissioner Courtland Steares, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, took issue with Chief Crabb, saying that emulation rather than jealousy existed between the forces.

The growing menace from the free sale of revolvers was referred to by him and he suggested a meeting of high police officials and customs officials to formulate proposals to be laid before the Dominion government.

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# All "In the Line of Duty"

## *Achievements of Peace Guardians in Various Cities*

THE following patrolmen of the New York Police force were awarded honorable mention for acts of bravery including rescues at fires, arrest of holdup men after pistol battles and stopping runaway horses which threatened the lives of children and old people:

Conrad K. Water, Traffic B, for overcoming an insane man who fired five shots at him; William C. Carroll, for capturing, after a hard chase, two men who looted the cash register of a bakery; James E. McGuire, who shot and killed a man who had murdered his own child, after the man had fired three shots at him; Walter J. Sullivan, Warrant Squad No. 1, whose right leg was amputated as the result of a chase after two speeding automobiles on Williamsburg Bridge; Albert L. Williamson, for arresting a holdup man and aiding in the arrest of another; James F. Carberry, for the arrest of a would-be homicide; John J. Feeney, for arresting two of a group of five men after a pistol battle.

Fifty-three policemen were named on October 2nd, by Commissioner Enright, for brave acts performed in the line of duty. In this honor list were the detectives who fixed the murder of a woman on Harry Hoffman, and who arrested and had indicted three men charged with the murder of Edward Dolge.

* * *

Patrolman James Connolly saw smoke issuing from a tenement house in Brooklyn. He turned in an alarm, dashed into the building and got out the tenants on the first two floors. The smoke and flames preventing him from reaching the third floor, he raced outside to see a man and his wife attempting to climb from a third story window from which flames were pouring. Connolly ran to the top floor of the adjoining building, smashed a skylight with his fists, reached the roof of the burning tenement and leaned over. But two feet separted him from the panic-stricken couple in the window. Two men had followed Connolly to the roof. He directed them to grip his legs and hold tight. he went over the edge and grasped the woman's wrist raising her to the roof. The fire apparatus arrived in time to save the man. Connolly's hands were painfully lacerated by the glass in the skylight.

* * *

Patrolman Matthew Corey, in civilian clothes, was standing on a street corner when a man darted out of a nearby alley and jumped on him. Corey knocked down his assailant and beat off seven other men who tried to rescue their friend. Corey hailed his first assailant to court where he was held in $1,000 bail. The man's plea was that he had just previously been attacked in a hallway and thought Corey was the aggressor.

Deciding that the only thing that could save the life of Patrolman Emil Kupec was a blood transfusion, the surgeons of the Flushing Hospital were deluged with offers to give their blood by fellow-musicians in the Police Department band. Patrolman Michael Sharkey was selected for the sacrifice and one quart of his blood was drawn in behalf of Kupec, who is now on the way to recovery.

* * *

An unusual attempt to escape was made by Charles Mitchell who had been taken to the West Forty-seventh Street police station on a charge of assault and robbery. Finding himself alone with Detective William O'Connor he attempted to choke O'Connor and wrest his pistol from him. By chance, Detective Charles Collins heard O'Connor gasping for breath and subdued Mitchell. The prisoner had been caught running away from the scene of a holdup on West Forty-ninth Street. Mitchell had previously been convicted of disorderly conduct and possession of a pistol and had to face two additional charges.

* * *

When Casper Blesi, of 306 West 104th Street was awakened at four o'clock in the morning by lodgers who were bringing bundles into his house, he notified the police with the result that Detectives Winterbolter and Butler of the West 135th Street station found in the place women's coats and dresses valued at $5,000 that had been stolen from Goldberg & Rubins' dry goods store at 138th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. The detectives laid in wait in the house and arrested there Salvator Roneto who drew a revolver and ordered the detectives to stand off. The policemen promptly opened fire and killed him. Two other youths who appeared on the scene were arrested and are said to have confessed robbing the dry goods store.

* * *

An ordinary arrest made by Patrolman Frank Beston of Motorcycle Squad No. 1, at 145th Street and Eighth Avenue, uncovered clues to a robbery that had been committed only a short time before. When Beston asked to see the chauffeur's license card the man told him that he had left it at home, whereupon Beston ordered him to drive to the station. En route the driver shot his car ahead and attempted to escape from the officer, the result being that he hit a peddler's outfit, killing the horse and injuring the driver. The two men in the car drove away and Beston pursued them, first with his motorcycle and then on foot. After a command to halt, Beston shot William Reynolds, one of the fugitives. The other man, Anthony Piconi, was followed by a crowd and was arrested by Patrolman Harry Bresnan, another motorcycle officer.


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Both men had revolvers and a third revolver was found in the car. John De Mace of 134th Street and Bradhurst Avenue identified the two men as members of a holdup gang that robbed him in his store.

* * *

### St. Louis

[illegible] police in their determination to put a stop to the activities of gunmen and bandits, have developed a new offensive weapon against them that they call a "minute" machine. It is a specially constructed, high-speed accompanying car capable of going eighty miles an hour within a minute after starting. It was built in accordance with police specifications and is being used for rushing large squads of detectives to the scenes of crimes. The purpose is to "flood" a district around a crime center with sleuths almost immediately after a report is received. The car is equipped with powerful searchlights, a machine gun, tear gas bombs, sirens and ropes.

* * *

### Milwaukee

A bizarre extortion scheme that had denouement even more extraordinary than the extortion plot itself, was rapidly exposed by Milwaukee police when they solved the mystery of the strange attempt to blackmail Joseph E. Uihluin, millionaire candy manufacturer. Mr. Uihluin received a long letter purporting to come from a group of physicians who were trying to discover a cure for the dangerous Rocky Mountain fever. The letter was so interesting that he read on to the end and then came to the shocking statement that he already had been infected by millions of germs which the letter contained. The writer went on to say that death was certain unless Mr. Uihluin should go to a certain appointed spot where he could obtain an antidote for the disease by which he had been infected. He was to take with him to a schoolhouse $25,000 in cash to pay for the antidote.

Detectives who hid about the school caught Roy L. Schulz, twenty years old, and an employee of a roofing company. It was this capture that revealed the most extraordinary feature of the affair, which was when Schulz confessed having borrowed the "poison letter" plot from a story printed in a sensational magazine in which the writer rather glorified the blackmailer who supposedly had invented the poison letter scheme. Schulz's letter was a verbatim copy of the one in the story and his capture was directly due to the fact that he precisely followed the idea of the fiction writer in using the boiler-room of a closed school as a meeting place. Schulz enclosed in the letter a bit of cotton that had been soaked in red liquid. Chemists found that this liquid was a hair tonic, so the letter itself was absolutely harmless.

* * *

### Washington

[illegible] patrolman of the Washington, [illegible]ce, Raymond C. Leisinger of [illegible] precinct, was shot and instantly killed at four o'clock in the morning by an automobile party which he is supposed to have attempted to stop because of some suspicious action. His body was found just a few minutes later and the tracks of the machine showed that it had almost come to a halt at the point where he was killed. Leisinger, who had been two months on the force, was the seventeenth Washington patrolman to meet his death in the line of duty. As he had not yet joined the Police Relief Association, his widow will receive no compensation from that organization. She is ill and blind, and has two young children, a girl of eleven and a boy of nine. The latter is suffering from a broken arm due to a fall three days before his father's death. The Washington *Post* raised a fund for Mrs. Leisinger and the public subscribed $7,247. Members of the police department added $506 to this and the Washington Elks added another $100. The murders have not yet been overtaken.

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### Birmingham

Kilby prison in Alabama was not strong enough to hold Jack Harris, alias Jack Billon, who was serving a term of from 4 to 8 years for stealing diamonds from jewelers in Birmingham. He escaped about a month ago and no trace of him has since been obtained.

His trick was to ask a jeweler to match the diamond in a pin in which one stone was missing. He would then palm one of the loose diamonds shown to him.

* * *

### Newark

Policemen who keep the still watches of the night are oftimes confronted with wildly excited people who babble forth tales of persecution and what not. Such a man invaded the detectives' room of the Newark Police Headquarters one night last week, and told a tale of being persecuted by business enemies.

The Detectives on duty assured the man no one would harm him and started him home. As he was leaving the room he opened a door that led inside the building instead of to the street.

Detective William Nestor, who had just come in, saw the man's mistake and caught him by the arm in an endeavor to show him the right door to use.

The man, a Syrian named Sarkis, turned, and before anyone could prevent it, fired two shots into Nestor's chest. The man was overpowered and Nestor was rushed to a hospital where little hope is held for his recovery. Sarkis was held on a charge of felonious assault.

Nestor is a former All-American football end who set the athletic world afire a few years ago. At Tufts College Nestor was graduated with highest honors after leading his school in athletics throughout his course.

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# The Criminal Identification School and Its Work

ONE of the very solid achievements of the International Police Conference was the Criminal Identification School held in the New York Department in October. At its end fifty-five representatives of police forces all over America, from Alaska to Porto Rico, went home enthusiastic over the instruction and counsel received. One of them said in a speech the last day of the sessions, that he had attended many conventions of Criminal Identification specialists, and had been to other schools, but had never been as much benefited anywhere as he had at this course of instruction.

Acting-Captain Golden, Chief of the New York Bureau, was the principal instructor of the class. Deputy Police Commissioner Faurot also lectured on his specialties, finger-printing and scene-of-crime work. The "students" were taken in a body to the Winter Garden and to the Morosco Theatre and were entertained at a banquet. The occasion was a dinner given in honor of Commissioner Enright and themselves by Chevalier Prisco, who is an Honorary Inspector of the New York Police Department. Commissioner Enright made one of the best speeches of his career to the assemblage.

The outstanding accomplishment of the week's intensive schooling, which lasted daily from 10 to 6 o'clock, was the return home to more than fifty departments of men fully instructed in the Hakon Jorgenson system of distant identification. Today all of their departments, together with a dozen or more others that were represented at the class held the year before, are ready to send or receive messages of about fifty numbers that will effect instant and perfect identification of a criminal by wire. In a recent test with the departments represented at the 1923 class, President Enright received a perfect set of identifications from the department to which he sent a fingerprint description in the Jorgenson code. This was conducted in order to show the system at work and was a complete success.

The members of the 1924 class by resolution commended the Distant Identification code as practical and complete. Marked results were obtained through this school in furthering co-operation among the criminal identification specialists of the various departments. Instruction was given them in many things that Captain Golden had learned abroad during his trip to the European police centres, and the visitors were given the freedom of Police Headquarters in picking up any information they might find useful. Especially valuable was the instruction in preserving and transferring fingerprints after methods employed in Europe, in scene-of-crime work, in making casts of foot-prints, in conducting a *modus operandi* cabinet, in using a one-fingerprint system, etc. The course could easily have been extended to two weeks and, in case it is held next year, probably will be so lengthened.

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## Indianapolis Cleaning Up

The whole resources of the Indianapolis police department were employed in a city-wide raid on the vicious element of the city last month. Seventy-five raids were made in a single evening on orders from Mayor Shank and 261 persons were arrested.

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